

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

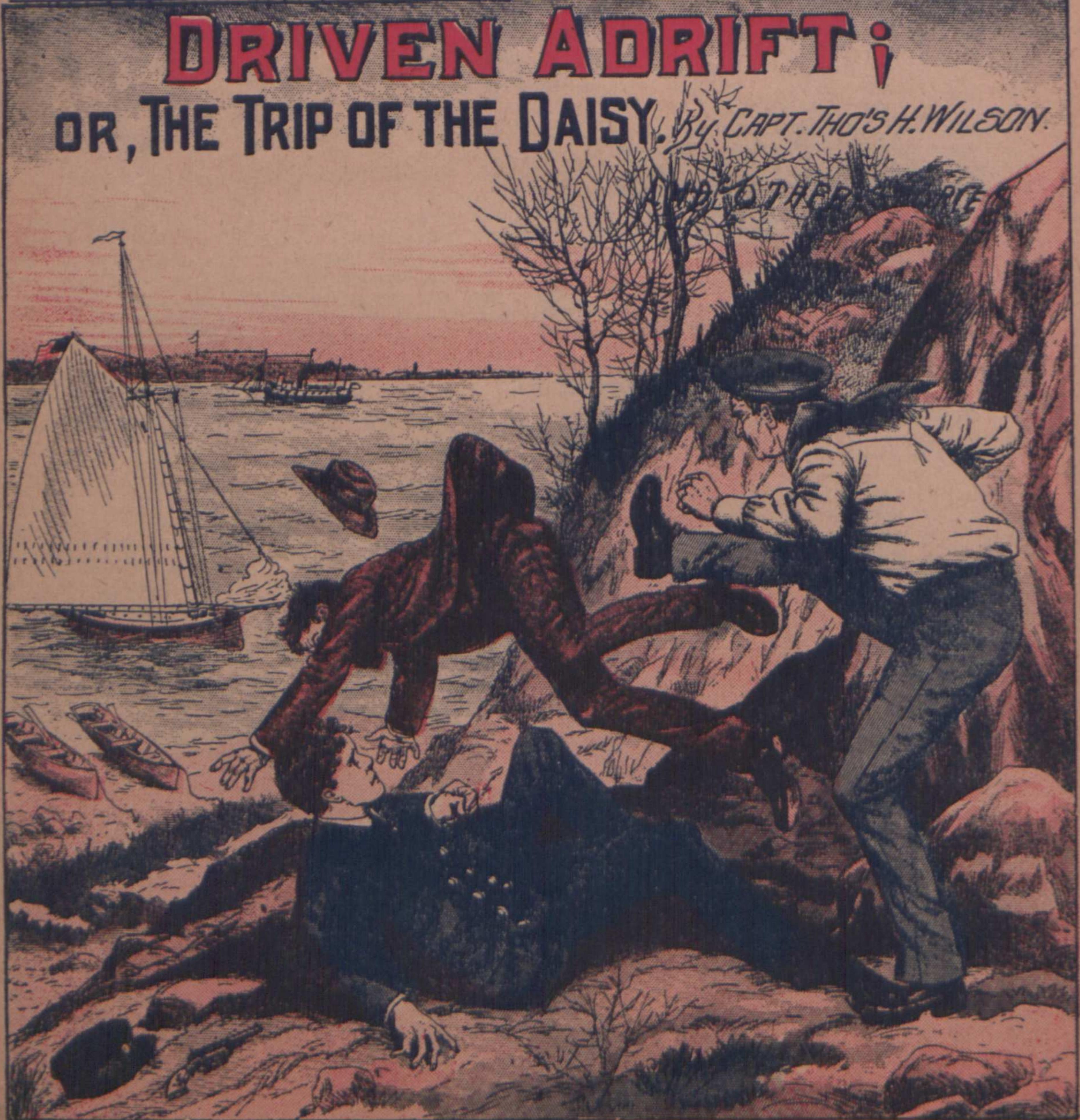
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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 21, 1923

Price 7 Cents

DRIVEN ADRIFT; OR, THE TRIP OF THE DAISY. *By CAPT. THO'S H. WILSON.*



Before he could shoot at Don he received a kick that drew a groan of agony from his lips, sent the pistol flying and rolled him down the hill, with Silas after him. Don jumped up and seized the weapon

PLUCK AND LUCK

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DRIVEN ADRIFT

OR, THE TRIP OF THE DAISY

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON

CHAPTER I.—The Outcast.

It was at the close of a pleasant October day, in the year 1875, a soft, balmy breeze blowing through New York city, and the afternoon sun declining rapidly in the west. Donald Gray was on his way home after a spirited race between the East River and the Brooklyn yacht clubs, in which his boat had, in the first mentioned club, taken first prize in the Class C, forty-foot sloops. Don felt highly jubilant over his success, and carried the trophy—a very handsome cup—in his hands as he boarded a Sixth avenue car going uptown.

He had left the Daisy moored at a dock near the foot of Canal street, for on the following day it was his intention to go on a four weeks' cruise up the Sound before having the boat laid up for the winter. The Daisy had been a present from his mother, just one year previously, before she died, leaving him alone in the world, and a more beautiful nor faster yacht never sailed in the waters of New York Harbor. The boy was justly proud of the boat, for it was a veritable marvel of speed and beauty, and handled by Don with consummate skill, had won many a hard-fought victory.

Young Gray, though, was a natural born sailor. His father had been an officer in the navy until the time he went on an expedition after the filibusters infesting the Gulf of Mexico, ten years previously, when he was captured by the pirates, carried away, and that was the last ever seen or heard of him, despite the most strenuous efforts to find him. The brave officer had left his wife in very comfortable circumstances, and she lavished her fondest love on her boy Don. Being an invalid, Mrs. Gray had been forced to employ a man to manage her financial affairs for her. This person was a very distant relative named Oliver Blodgett, and after she died he remained at the now bereft house, living at east, paying little or no attention to Don, and absorbing himself, to all appearances, with the settlement of the dead lady's estate for the benefit of her son.

The boy at this time was seventeen years of

age. He did not fancy Oliver Blodgett, from the time of the man's first advent into his home; but he never mentioned the fact, always treating him with courteous civility. When the car arrived at 24th street Don alighted. His home was a short distance from the corner, and a few moments later he ascended the front stoop, and entered, by means of a latch-key, on the parlor floor. The boy was attired in a natty yachting costume of navy blue, and had a jaunty cap, which he hung on the rack, and set down the silver cup. He was just about to go upstairs to his room, when the parlor door opened, and Oliver Blodgett appeared.

"Ah, Don, is that you? Come in here. I want to speak to you."

"Well, Mr. Blodgett, what is wanted now?" queried the boy.

"I wish to have a serious conversation with you, Don," proceeded the man, when the boy was seated, and he drew a small book from his pocket and opened it in a nervous, fidgety manner.

"A serious conversation? What about, Mr. Blodgett?"

"Can you not imagine? It have settled your mother's estate up at last, and I want to give an accounting to you."

"Oh," said the boy, nodding. "So that affair is ended, eh?"

"Yeth. I've been working diligently a long time, at it wath in a very complex condition, owing to many debts."

"Why, I did not know my mother was in debt."

The man shrugged his shoulders and smiled indifferently.

"I've got it all here in figureth," he replied, pointing at his book and glancing at Don. "To commence, your mother had little more than one hundred thousand dollars, one-half employed in stocks, and the other half invested in busineth of different kindth. The stock company failed just before her death, which entailed a loss of one-half of her money. The rest of the money wath the badly invested, one-half wath totally lost, and creditorsth ate up nearly all the rest of it. There now remainth only a few thousand dollars for you."

Don started and glanced keenly at the man. Rising to his feet, he fixed a sharp glance on the man that fairly made Blodgett writhe, and said bluntly:

"I don't believe it. There is something wrong about this!"

"But I can prove everything!" exclaimed Blodgett, hotly.

"I hope you can. Will I tell you why? Then listen. To be candid, you know I never liked you. When my mother engaged you to manage her affairs, you came here a very poor man. After she died you bought a team of expensive horses, and the Vixen. That steam yacht could not have cost you less than thirty thousand dollars. Now, I'd like to know where you so suddenly acquired so much money? It looks very suspicious, I can tell you, Oliver Blodgett, more especially after what you just told me."

The man glared at Don in silence a moment.

"My affairth are none of your busineth."

"But I shall make it my business," said Don. "I will not tamely submit to being fooled by a sharper."

A low cry of rage burst from the man's lips, and with his face fairly livid, his eyes luridly gleaming, and his fists clenched, he sprang toward Don, crying in hoarse tones:

"Do you dare to tell me to my teeth that I am cheating you, you young viper? Why, I'll level you for your impudence!"

"Hold on, Oliver Blodgett," calmly said Don, raising his hand and retaining his position. "Do not be too hasty, or you may repent your actions. I am not afraid of you. I tell you again that all you just said is very improbable, and I will make you give a more satisfactory accounting to the authorities. Fortunes do not dwindle away in a manner you have described so easily, unless there is a motive in permitting it. You never said a word about this to me until just now, whereas, had there been any business troubles, you should have spoken to me about it before. I suppose you will tell me next that I do not own this house."

"Nor do you!" hissed the man. "It belongeth to me!"

"What! Have you the supreme audacity to claim even that?"

"By virtue of a mortgage I foreclosed on it, thith-houthe ith mine."

Don burst into an uncontrollable fit of sarcastic laughter.

"Well, you beat everything I ever heard of!" he exclaimed.

Blodgett could hardly contain himself, he was in such a rage. Shaking his fist at Don furiously, he cried:

"And now that you know how your fortune thtands I want you to clear out of thith houthe at once. Demand an accounting before the authorieth, if you will. I can give it."

"You order me from my own house?" demanded the boy, in startled tones, as he took a step backward, hardly accrediting it.

"You heard what I thaid. There ith the door. Go!"

The boy clenched his teeth hard and walked to the door.

"I will go, Oliver Blodgett," he cried, pausing

on the threshold, "but I know you are a villain, and the time will come for your exposure."

And darting a scornful glance at the man, Don went out.

CHAPTER II.—A Letter from the Dead.

As Don hurried out the front door, he bumped into a man who was just about to ring the bell for admittance. The man was a nautical looking individual of about fifty, attired in a sailor suit and cap, and wore a dried-up looking brown beard upon his rugged, sun-burned face.

"Dash me!" he exclaimed, in a deep, bass voice, "but that ere war a collision az I warn't on ther lookout fur."

"Excuse me," said Don. "It was my fault. Were you going in?"

"Lor' bless yer heart, yes. I'm arter Mr. Gray!" said the sailor.

"And that is me. What do you want?"

"Wot! You Donald Gray? Oh, dash me, now how are yer, my hearty?"

To Don's surprise, the old fellow grasped him by the hand, and shook it with the most intense vehemence. One of the parlor windows was raised, and unknown to them Olive Blodgett approached the curtains, behind which he stood watching and listening to all that passed on the front stoop.

"The boy mithtruthts me!" he muttered. "He will get me in trouble if I am forced to give a public accounting. But I won't give up the money! I have schemed and worked too hard to get it in my pothethion to let it go tho easily. No, no! I mutht be thmart, and find thome meanth of thilencing him before he can expothe me! But —ah! who ith that thailor? It must be the man who wrote the letter to Don from Florida, the letter which I opened and read. He thaid in it that he could give the boy information about hith mithing father. Now what if Tom Gray should return? He would demand hith wife'th money, and when it ith dithcovered that I have appropriated all of it and thpent a good many thousand dollarth, I will go to prithon? That mutht not happen. I will dithcover what that thailor hath to thay to the boy. I can then be on my guard!"

As Blodgett came to this wise conclusion, he listened to what the sailor was saying to Don. The old sailor had a grip of iron, and made Don wince.

"I say, my friend," said the surprised boy, "I don't know you."

"Wot! Don't you know who I am?" was the amazed reply.

"No; I never met before in my life."

"But I'm Silas Erskine!"

"That may be true enough; still, you are a stranger to me."

"Dash me, lad, but didn't yer git my letter from Floridy?"

"Your letter from Florida? Why, no! What letter?"

The old sailor looked disgusted for a moment.

"It's werry clear as ye didn't get it, then," said he, relinquishing his bear-like grasp on Don's hand. "But I'll tell ye, my hearty, I hed a feller

ter write ye a letter tellin' yer I war a-comin' up north'ard again, arter a absence o' nigh on ten years. Shippin' on ther Giant Fulmar afore ther mast, I just arruv in port. My letter telled ye as I war wi' yer father since he was captured by ther pirates, an' as he sent yer a letter by me writ afore he died."

"And the letter?" eagerly queried the boy.

"Not knowin' ef I'd find yer," replied Silas Erskine, "I lef' it in ther sailor's boardin'-house whar I sent my locker. It is in No. — West street, an' if so be as ye've got time, come along o' me now, sir, an' I'll give yer ther letter wot, I'm sure, is werry important."

"Yes—it must be important, my friend."

"More so as ye imagine, sir," said the old sailor, mysteriously.

"Why, what do you mean by that?" queried Don.

"I'll tell ye. When Pancho Marti war hung, and his band war scattered, he lef' a wast hidden treasure hidden in the Cedar Keys, the hidin' place of which yer father learned. Besides ther dead pirate, Tom Gray war ther on'y possessor o' ther secret. In his letter ter you he said ez he explained whar the treasure is hid, an' he wants yer ter go arter it along o' me, secure it, an' our fortunes is made."

Upon hearing this, the man hidden behind the curtains looked startled, and he muttered, in breathless tones:

"By all that ith wonderful, thith ith a revelation! If I had that letter, why could I not gain thith hidden treasure? And I will! I can follow them to the thailors boarding-house and wrest it from them. Once the letter ith in my handth, I could embark in my thteam yacht, the Vixen, and go after thith hidden fortune."

A crafty look stole over his face as he said this, and listening to the conversation between the sailor and the boy, he heard Silas Erskine ask Don:

"Waal, sir, an' will ye go along o' me?"

"Certainly," said Don, eagerly. "The sooner the better. Come on."

Don and Silas Erskine descended the stairs to the street and walked away, just as Blodgett emerged from the house. Astonished at the news Silas Erskine brought, and convinced that Oliver Blodgett received the letter sent to him from Florida by the old sailor, Don followed after his companion. Within a short time they reached the West street sailors' boarding-house.

The store under the boarding-house was used as a liquor saloon, and a dingy-looking side door gave access to the rooms above. Don followed his talkative companion up a dark, foul-odored and rickety flight of stairs to the hall above. Then the sailor lit a match on the leg of his trousers, and opening one of the many doors lining the narrow hall, he went into a room and ignited a dirty lamp.

Its dull rays showed Don an apartment looking not unlike the forecastle of a ship in its general appointments. There was a bunk in one corner, a couple of wooden stools, a small table, on which stood the lamp, a washstand and basin, and in one corner stood a large wooden locker. The lid was up, disclosing an accordion, a few ill-as-

sorted undergarments, and several nautical instruments.

"Sit down, sir, sit down," said Silas, cheerily. "Tain't much o' a place fer sich ez you be, but it suits an old sailor like me."

"Thank you. I presume you will not stay ashore long?"

"Bless yer heart, no. When yer reads that ere letter, sir, an' sees wot it says, I'm dead certain az you an' me'll soon be a-boundin' over the ocean in a good vessel, bound' fer ther Cedar Keys, ter git ther fortune left by ther dead pirate."

Silas chuckled and winked at Don as he said this, and knelt down beside his locker, where he began to poke around among its contents, in quest of the letter which he had left there. Oliver Blodgett had traced them to the boarding-house, and having seen them go in, he sneaked up the stairs in the darkness, and cautiously made his way into a similar room adjoining that into which the two had gone. A man lay in one of the bunks in the room, whose face, as seen by the light of a dim lamp, so resembled that of Mr. Blodgett that he was very much startled for an instant. To all appearances the man was sleeping off a fit of intoxication, and his calling seemed, according to his attire, to be that of a sailor, as near as Blodgett could judge. Without disturbing the sleeping man he opened the door and peered into the next room at Don and Silas. Just then the old sailor drew two envelopes from the bottom of his locker, and holding one up he exclaimed:

"Dash me, sir! Here it is at larst!"

Don eagerly reached out his hand to take the envelope. But just then Blodgett stole into the room as quietly as a cat behind their backs, and suddenly snatched it from Silas' hand! The next instant he dashed through the door and closed it. But not before Don saw him, as he and Silas sprang to their feet, uttering simultaneous cries of amazement.

"It was Oliver Blodgett—my enemy!" cried Don. "Come, Silas, after him! We must recover that paper at any risk!"

They dashed the door open and sprang into the next room, where they saw a man standing in a threatening attitude.

CHAPTER III.—Driven Adrift.

By the dim light of the lamp on the table they saw a man attired in a dark overcoat and a slouched hat standing near the door, and as they rushed in this individual picked up a stool and made a dash at Don with it. Assured by the appearance of the man and a faint glimpse he caught of his face that he was Blodgett, the boy jumped back, and picking up another chair, he aimed a blow at the other. It was parried on the other stool, and the old sailor darted in toward the man, exclaiming:

"Gi' up that letter, yer thief, or I'll keel-haul ye!"

Just then the man flung his stool at Silas. It struck the old fellow on the breast, and knocked him down. Enraged, Don hurled the stool he had at the man. It struck him on the forehead, and he uttered a groan, threw up his hands, reeled

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blindly a moment, and the next instant he pitched over upon the floor. Don ran over to the side of the old sailor and knelt down.

"Are you hurt, Erskine?" he asked, breathlessly.

"No. Dash me ef he didn't knock ther wind out o' my sails, though," replied the old fellow, scrambling to his feet. "Whar is he, sir?"

"I just knocked him down with this stool," said Don.

He picked up the stool as he spoke, and pointed at the prostrate man. The old sailor seized the lamp, approached their fallen enemy with it, and bent over him. The next instant he uttered an ejaculation of alarm and reeled back, turning very pale and trembling like a leaf.

"What is the matter, Silas?" asked Don, in alarm, as he watched the agitated sailor set the lamp on the table again.

"That ain't ther man we war arter!" gasped Erskine, emotionally.

"It isn't? Then who is he?" was the boy's amazed reply.

"He's an ole messmate o' mine wot I lef' in here b'ilin' half seas over. He war a-sleepin' it off when I las' seen him."

Don bent over the fallen man. His forehead was cut and his face ghastly.

"We have been tricked!" exclaimed Don. "Catching this man half stupid with drink, after he left the other man, Blodgett put his hat and coat on him and awakened him to deceive us."

At this juncture there sounded footsteps on the stairs. They listened, and an instant afterwards the door was hurled open, and a policeman rushed in, followed by Blodgett!

"There they are, officer!" he exclaimed, pointing at Don and Silas, who had started back upon the entrance of the policeman. "There thtand the two men who attacked me and my friend, to rob uth of our money! And see! They have killed him!"

The policeman bent a searching look upon the prostrate man.

"Bejabers!" he exclaimed, looking up, "ther man is kilt as dead as a door nail, shure, an' robbery or thavin', Oi'll hev yez up for a-murderin' him annyhow,"

"Dash me, sir, but things look bad!" muttered Silas, despondently.

"Throw up yer hands an' surrender paiceable," ordered the policeman, brandishing his club, "or be ther powers Oi'll break me schtick over yer hids, ye spalpeens!"

"What shall we do, Silas?" whispered Don, in despair.

"Do?" roared the old sailor. "Why, mutiny, dash it, mutiny! Folly me, sir, an' we'll sail out o' this wi' all sails raised!"

And just as the policeman dashed toward them Silas sprang into his own room, followed by the boy, and knocking over the lamp to extinguish it, he seized Don's hand and they ran into the dark hall, just as Blodgett rushed out after them. An instant later the policeman followed. Bang! Bang! Bang! went the officer's revolver, and the bullets crashed and whizzed around the fugitives' heads, as they reached the lower hall and ran to the street door.

"Which way'll we shape our course, sir?" panted Silas.

"Down to Canal street. It's only three blocks from here," replied Don, as they reached the street. "My boat is moored there. We can get on board and sail down the river without fear of being taken. Now run for all you are worth, for here comes the policeman and Blodgett, and if they catch us we will certainly perish on the gallows."

The old sailor nodded, and ran after the boy. They had not gone far when an officer on a corner sprang before the fugitives, to intercept them in their flight. Don was in advance, and, not flinching or swerving in his determination, he crashed into the officer, and both went flying over the sidewalk with appalling force. Before the policeman had fairly realized what happened, Silas had jerked Don upon his feet again, and away they ran at redoubled speed, with the addition of one more pursuer at their heels, filled with wrath at his rough treatment. In a few minutes Don darted across the street, followed by his panting companion, and ran out on a long pier. Near the extreme end the *Daisy* was moored. The moon and stars had now appeared, lighting up the swift flowing river almost as if by daylight.

The old sailor saw a magnificent white sloop, about forty feet in length, with an overhanging counter stern, a very long bowsprit, and a tall, tapering mast and top-mast. In the stern sat a young negro who did Don's cooking. He was smoking a pipe, and watching a fishing line which he had cast over into the water. They had only a short distance more to go, and then they reached the bulkhead alongside of the yacht, jumped down on the cabin, and hastily unfastened her moorings, while Don shouted to the negro to aid the sailor to hoist the mainsail. While the two were thus engaged he shoved the boat along to the end of the dock, where the swift, powerful tide caught it, and an instant later the yacht was swung out on the river. By the time their pursuers reached the end of the dock they were far out on the dark, surging river, heading for the bay and plunging along at race-horse speed. Don saw one of the policemen hasten away, and five minutes later he noticed a small black-painted steamer leave a near-by pier. The name *Black Bird* was plainly to be seen on it.

"They have gotten the harbor police boat and are pursuing us, Silas," exclaimed Don. "And now we've got to go for all we are worth if we wish to escape being captured. Up with the balloon jib and club-topsail!"

The negro was told what happened, and faithful to Don, worked like a beaver. Up fluttered a mountain of canvas to the strong breeze the next moment, and with strained rigging and timbers the beautiful yacht flew along, with her black pursuer fast coming on in the rear and gaining on them. They were in a very hazardous position and veritably driven adrift.

CHAPTER IV.—A Spy On Board.

Whether Oliver Blodgett had embarked or not Don did not know. The *Black Bird* was plainly discernible, owing to the bright light of the moon

and stars. It looked as if the race was going to be long and stern, for the *Daisy* rushed along at a tremendous rate of speed. Nevertheless, the steamer was momentarily gaining. Don frowned as he recollected the fatal blow he dealt with the wooden stool that seemed to have killed the sailor.

"It was Blodgett's fault for putting his hat and coat on the drunken man to deceive us into the belief that we were fighting him for the envelope he stole from us. The thief! Now we can't look for the pirate's treasure in the Cedar Keys, for my father's letter contained the explanations to find it."

"An' Blodgett'll go arter it an' git it, too!"

"Don't it strike you as being peculiar that he followed us to your boarding-house and stole that letter?"

"Werry. How in thunder did he know wot war in it?"

"I have an idea. You and I stood on the front stoop of the 24th street house, the parlor window of which was open, when you told me how my father was captured by the pirate of Key West, and all about his discovery of the hidden treasure you and I were to get. It is my belief that Blodgett stood behind the curtains and overheard all."

"Ay, ay! That must a-been ther way o' it, sir," nodded Silas.

At this juncture there sounded a terrific crash up forward on the cabin that startled the boy and the old sailor, and hastily glancing around, they beheld two struggling figures on the deck, one of whom was a sailor, and the other Eli Alabama, the negro cook.

"Why!" exclaimed Don, in surprise. "What is the matter?"

"Thar's a stranger a-fightin' wi' ther coon!" muttered Silas.

"He isn't a stranger; he's one of the men whom I hired to help me to race the yacht to-day. I thought he went ashore. - But it is evident that he must have bunked in on board. I paid him before going home. I did not need him on the cruise I was going to make, but I suppose, as he seemed to have no home, he remained on board to sleep."

The little darky had the sailor by the cuff of his coat, and although the other fought to get away, he could not do so. When near to the young captain, Eli exclaimed:

"Golly, Massa Don! I'se done catch him dis time fo' shuah."

"What is the matter, Eli?" demanded Don.

"Dis yere feller done gwine an' creep outer de forrard hatch, sah, whar he been a-hidin', an' sneak ober dar in der shadder ob de cabin, whar he done listen to all yo' say."

"Well, what of it, Eli?"

"Yo' doan' know dis yere trash am on de Vixen?" asked Eli.

"What! Does he work on Oliver Blodgett's steam yacht?"

"Fo' shuah, sah. Wha' he done listen fo' da way? 'Cause he wanter tole Massa Blodgett wha' yo' do an' say."

"Ah! he is a spy of my enemy's!" muttered Don.

"Shuah 'nough, sah!" assented the negro boy. "Dat's about de size ob it. Lord-a-mussy! wha' I do wid him—kill 'im?"

"No, not quite," laughed Don. "I guess we had

better lock him up below, and take him with us. What say you, Caleb Dundy?"

The man uttered a subdued growl, and wrenched himself free from the detaining hands of the black cook. Having torn himself loose, he ran up forward pursued by the negro; but before Eli could catch him again, he dove down inot the river and swam away. The yacht dashed on past Governor's Island.

"Bress my soul!" muttered the chagrined cook. "Done gwine now, an' didn' hab de pleasure ob eben kickin' him!"

"I'm sorry he escaped us," observed Don, regretfully.

Five minutes later they saw the *Black Bird* pick up Caleb Dundy and then come on in pursuit again. Down the Narrows rushed the *Daisy*, and just after they passed Forts Wadsworth and Hamilton, the *Black Bird* was only a cable's length astern, and they heard a stern order to haul to!

CHAPTER V.—A Happy Discovery.

The tide was flowing out, and as the *Black Bird* ranged up close to the *Daisy*, and its commander ordered the fugitives to haul to, a peculiar accident occurred. The eddying current had caught a floating log which came down on the tide. The log was struck by the port paddle-wheel, and as the boat went on it lifted the log, which had become wedged in between the flukes of the wheel, and carried it up into the wheel-box. There it struck the planking and remained immovable. Don saw what occurred with a thrill of joy.

"They are helpless now," he exclaimed. "They cannot follow us until they go inside the wheel-box and get that log out, if, indeed, it has not literally broken the machinery. Before they can follow after us we will be out of sight."

On board the *Black Bird* a scene of confusion ensued. But the *Daisy* swept away on her course like some frightened bird, and the hearts of her navigators thrilled with joy. The fugitives glanced back and saw the chagrined officers on the patrol boat running about in consternation, and working like beavers to extricate the log from the paddle box. But the *Daisy* raced on and on, each moment adding to her speed, as the wind came uninterruptedly across the sea and careened her white hull over at an acute angle that threatened to show her centerboard above the swelling waves. An hour passed, and they went by the Sandy Hook light. Then they felt safe at last, but they were now adrift on the surging bosom of the vast Atlantic, and had only a shadowy streak on the lee to indicate that there was any land near. Eli had ignited the red and green sidelights, and hoisted a lantern up at the truck of the top-mast, while from the oval windows of the beautiful cabin there emanated a soft glow that streamed out on the holy-stoned decks.

"Safe!" exclaimed Don, with a sigh. "Safe at last!"

"An' ther lubbers'll never catch us now. Hurrah!" shouted Silas.

"Good! Then I'll go below an' turn in. We've got plenty of sea room now, an' ef pursued we could show 'em a purty clean pair o' heels."

Left alone on deck, Don glanced at the compass in the binnacle, and let his mind drift back to past events. He was not destined to long remain wrapped up in his melancholy reverie, for presently the cabin door was suddenly flung open and Silas came rushing out on deck, boiling over with the most intense excitement, followed by Eli.

"Don! Don!" he cried, as he appeared. "I've got it! I've got it, lad!"

His blue eyes were bulging, and beneath his dried-up brown beard the rugged face was beaming with surprise and joy. Don gazed at him in a dubious way for an instant, under the impression that Silas had been splicing the main brace. A second sailor was simply excited over something.

"What's the matter with you?" sharply demanded the boy.

"Oh, dash me, Don, ef this 'ere ain't a streak o' luck," panted Silas.

"I don't comprehend you. Speak out!"

"Yer know as how that ere Blodgett stole a envelope from me?"

"Distinctly; it was the one containing my dead father's letter."

"Dash me if it war! He got the wrong letter!"

"What!" demanded Don, in amazed tones.

The old sailor held up an envelope which he had torn open.

"It's ez true ez gospel," asseverated he, dancing a hornpipe.

"You took two envelopes from your locker——"

"Both exactly alike——"

"And he stole the wrong one?"

"Dash me ef he didn't."

"Are you sure, Silas?"

"Looker this. It ain't a copy o' ther letter I hed writ to you from Floridy."

He handed the envelope to Don as he spoke. The boy took it, trembling all over with suppressed excitement.

"How did you discover the mistake, Silas?" he asked in agitated tones.

"Waal, I war jist a-goin' ter turn in when I 'membered az I'd stowed that 'ere enwelop' in my pocket, when the ossifer an' Blodgett came into ther sailors' boardin'-house. So I hauled it out and tore it open jist out o' cur'osity. Then I seed ez it war not like ther letter I sent ye, my hearty. Oh, no, I can't read, dash it! but I ain't blind. Then I knowed wot a mistake had happened."

"A most fortunate error, Silas."

"Yair. In ther boardin'-house I was a-offerin' yer ther wrong one, when Blodgett sneaked in an' snatched it."

"Now we can discover where the pirate's treasure is hidden."

"Sartin, lad, sartin," said Silas, jubilantly.

Don was overwhelmed with delighted surprise. He could not read the letter out on deck, as there was not sufficient light there to do so.

"Eli," he exclaimed to the cook, "come here."

"Yes, sah," grinned the little darky, approaching.

"Take the tiller, Eli, and shape your course south by southeast. I'm going down into the cabin to read this letter."

"Ay, sah! Dis niggah done steer de Daisy afore dis!" said Eli.

The little darky was in his element on the sea. He considered it a very high honor to take the

stick of the Daisy, and being versed in this work, he was thoroughly competent to handle the boat alone. Don walked away to the cabin, leaving the tiller in his hands, and Silas followed him, filled with curiosity. The cabin was illuminated by a handsome swinging lamp hanging below the glass skylight, and showed the interior furnishing of the yacht to be as handsome and luxurious as a palace. The cabin was large, extending from near the stern as far forward as the step of the mast, and was carpeted with the most elegant Brussels of a dark-blue color and fancy design. The walls were partly wainscoted, veneered and inlaid, the upper portions covered with hammered brass, and the panels containing small oil paintings of marine subjects, while the ceiling was decorated with gold trimmings and handsome carving.

The envelope had been torn open by the old sailor, and the boy drew out two sheets of paper and laid them on the table. One was a small map. The other was his father's letter. The boy read it with intense avidity, Silas watching him. Its contents seemed to overwhelm him with surprise and agitation. Then he glanced at the old sailor. Seeing the look of curiosity upon Silas' face, he excused himself, and telling Erskine to listen, he read him the letter aloud.

CHAPTER VI.—The Letter.

The sheet of paper in Don's hand was closely written, but was not addressed to anyone. The map gave the course to be taken by a boat, amid an intricate cluster of coral reefs. This is what Don read to his companion:

"In despair of recovering from the yellow fever, and at the risk of the exertion ensuing the composition of this letter killing me, I will say farewell to my wife and son, of whom I never ceased to think since the time Pancho Marti, the pirate of the Key West, captured me and my marines after I left the man-o'-war Manitoba. The only survivors of the ill-fated boat's crew are Silas Erskine and myself, and the sailor promised to deliver this letter when I am dead, for the rescuing party came too late to save me. * * * * * I am the only living man who knows where the treasure is hidden, for the old slave-dealing pirate is dead, and although he left a kingly fortune to his children in the Indies, yet the secret of his hidden place of the millions of Spanish onzas, to acquire which he led a secret life of pillage and rapine on the high seas of the Mexican Gulf, was well kept. * * * * * We left Key West in the ship, and I followed him from Bahia Honda, where we anchored, he in his barge with the huge deaf mute negro slave with more treasure to add to his horde, and I in a birch-bark canoe. Night had fallen, and it was very dark.

"They passed into the bay around the Wacas in the current that seemed to be unnavigable, then to a point of longitude three minutes, and latitude twenty-five degrees, where they took the southeast passage for Carysfort reef. Half a mile from the Largo and an equal distance from the reefs is Travernier's Key, on the north side of

which they landed, near the two palmetto trees—the only ones on the Key. I followed them, and saw them enter among the coral rocks carrying their golden burden. A cavern, located south of the two palmettos, as shown in the map, discloses the entrance to the hiding place. In the center of the water cave is an iron ring in under a block of stone, which, when lifted, will open an ingenious door of coral, and show a flight of stairs. They lead down into an apartment which at certain hours must be flooded by the risen tide, that submerges the gold he has stored there in casks. There is much danger in the cavern, for—”

The letter ended abruptly here.

“Why!” exclaimed Don, turning it over and staring at it blankly, “there’s no end to it—where is the rest?”

“Oh, didn’t I tell ye, lad?” asked Silas. “He died afore he could finish it! I sot beside him an’ seed the pen drop from his han’.”

“That is too bad. I am so sorry!”

“But it tells all’s we want ter know.”

“I wonder what he was going to say here?”

“Dash me ef I know.”

They stared blankly at the letter and the map. There was no solution to be gained to the mystery that way, though, and after various guesses and suggestions they finally ceased to wonder what Tom Gray meant to have written before the death angel smote him and prevented it.

“For safety’s sake I am going to make a copy of this letter and chart, Silas,” said the boy, taking pen, ink, and paper from a locker. “We cannot tell what may happen, you know. In case either of us meets with an accident the remaining one will have a copy. Forestalling events that way will be a good provision, as we may get in trouble before this hunt is over.”

“Jist the idee!” acquiesced Silas, taking a chew of tobacco. The boy then made a facsimile of the letter and map.

When it was finished he handed the copy to the sailor.

“Although you cannot read,” said Don, “should anything occur to me you can get somebody to explain it to you, and by that means you can secure the treasure.”

“If it’s only ter be guarded I’ll take it,” said Silas.

He stowed the paper away in his bosom.

“We had better go out on deck now,” said Don. “I don’t want to trust our safety too much to Eli. Although the boy is a good sailor, having learned down in Charleston Bay, yet we are not in a place where we can afford to run any risks.”

They went out on deck, and Don took the tiller. Then Silas and the cook turned in. During all of his watch Don kept thinking about the letter.

“If we meet with such beautiful weather as this all the way down, we could make Florida in eight or ten days,” he mused, as he glanced up at the bright stars and full silvery moon, then around at the glistening sea. “Ah! There is the Barnegat light now!” he added, as he caught view of a tiny speck of fire, seemingly rising up from the sea, on the lee bow of the rolling yacht. “But I fear Cape Hatteras! It may be pleasant enough until we are trying to double the treacherous point; then it is apt to suddenly come on to blow

great guns. The only guides after that will be Cape Lookout and Cape Fear lights. The coast makes a sharp half curve inward, from latitude 35 degrees and 45 minutes, and longitude 75 and 15. If we could only cut straight down to Florida from Hatteras, and make the Caraveral light, or Jupiter, we could save several days’ time. But I wouldn’t risk going two hundred miles from land in the Daisy if she was twice as large. Still, if we could get inside the Gulf Stream when off South Carolina or Georgia, we would be benefitted. Coming home again, it would help us along three miles an hour—but here! What am I saying about coming home? Must I return to be arrested?”

It made the boy feel terrible every time he recalled to mind the dreadful scene enacted in the sailor’s boarding-house. He had no intention of killing the man with the stool. Nor had he, as was said before, killed him. Yet, ignorant of his entire innocence, Don’s mind was destined to be harassed by the appalling thought of guilt, until he ultimately learned the happy truth about the matter. Then he cast aside the thought, and turned his attention to the yacht. The Daisy had a spanking breeze, and made rapid headway under plain lower sails, the steady hand of the boy keeping her on the direct course he had settled upon. When the time came for Silas to take his trick at the tiller, the old sailor needed no calling, but came on deck and relieved the tired boy of his duty.

Don turned in and slept until late in the morning of the next day, and when he came on deck he felt nauseated by the motion of the boat, as it rolled along on the long sweeping swell of the boundless ocean. Dismal groans were emanating from somewhere in the region of Eli’s quarters forward, that plainly told how the little darky was suffering from the effects of seasickness. Silas, however, had not lost his sea legs, and was stolidly guiding the Daisy, chewing his tobacco, and squinting alternately at the compass and glancing reflectively ahead. The squeamishness which first assailed Don soon passed away when he got out in the air on deck and glanced around.

“What, Silas! Have you been here ever since I left you?” asked Don.

“Ay, ay! What else could a chap do?” said the old fellow, with a grin, as he nodded his head toward where the groans came from, and winked knowingly at the boy. “I reckon the coon’s got ‘em bad enough ter turn his liver. Don’t yer hear him a-roarin’?”

“Too bad. He will get over it, though. In the meantime I suppose we will have to cook our own meals! Now give me the stick and go below. Or, if you are hungry, I’ll prepare something to eat first, as I’m pretty sharp set myself, Silas.”

“An’ dash me if I ain’t kinder hungry, too.”

“Then wait till I return.”

The old sailor nodded, and Don went forward, and got down into the cook’s quarters, where he found Eli lying on his bunk, with his eyes rolled up and his face saffron-colored. The boy was very sick, and Don did what he could for him. Then he set to work to cook some breakfast with the use of a very complete cooking apparatus and an abundance of food. The cooking only increased Eli’s misery, and Don sent him up on

deck in the air, which is the best remedy for seasickness. When Don finished his culinary operations he proved himself to be a very good cook, and brought a tasteful breakfast into the cabin. Eli could eat nothing, so they prevailed upon him to mind the helm while they did justice to their breakfast in the cabin. The day passed rapidly, as there was plenty of work to be done on the yacht, and when the shadows of twilight began to fall over the solemn sea Don computed that they had made nearly two hundred miles. The sky cleared, the wind blew steadily, and the sea was calm.

"But there is something we did not notice before, Silas," said the boy.

He pointed over the wake of the *Daisy*, and as the old sailor glanced back he saw a tiny speck on the distant horizon, which was gradually enlarging, with a dark streak pointing skyward over it.

"It cannot be the *Black Bird*?" he said querulously.

"Good Lor', no! She wouldn't come to sea so far. It might be a south'ard 'oun' vessel; thar's fleets o' 'em wot comes this way."

The boy felt a little uneasy, and remained beside Silas intently watching the vessel through his glass. Several hours passed by, the bright silvery moon rising in the starry sky. The steamer was making extraordinary rapid headway; in fact, much faster time than freight or passenger vessels generally make, which caused Silas the most intense amazement. By midnight the vessel approached near enough for Don to make out her name in gilt letters on the bow of her black hull. And it threw them into a dreadful pitch of agitation when Don exclaimed:

"Silas—we are pursued. Our lives are in danger. That vessel is Oliver Blodgett's steam yacht, the *Vixen*, and he is on our track!"

CHAPTER VII.—Frightened Away.

Two hundred miles from New York and the clear, silvery light of the moon and stars falling down on the surging ocean, Don and Silas saw that the steamer in the wake of the *Daisy* was Oliver Blodgett's steam yacht, the *Vixen*. This discovery was made when the dark hull and uprising smoke of the one hundred foot steamer were two miles astern. The glass Don held was a very good one, and they distinctly could see the name of the fast-approaching boat. Indeed, they saw Blodgett himself standing in the pilot-house on the forward deck, pointing at the *Daisy* and talking to the man who held the *Vixen*'s wheel. Don glanced at the pilot with his glass, and with a violent start and in a hurried manner he turned to Silas and said:

"It is as Eli told us when he caught the spy listening to our conversation. Caleb Dundy is in my enemy's employ, for there he stands in the pilot-house, guiding the steam yacht!"

"Dash me if it ain't so!" ejaculated Silas, emphatically.

They glanced back at the *Vixen*, feeling very uneasy. She was rapidly overhauling them, and in half an hour would range up alongside of the sloop. The sea was agleam with phosphorus,

and the wind was fair, as the little yacht bounded along, with her anxious young owner watching the approach of his enemy. Nearly an hour passed by, when she got within speaking distance, and they heard Blodgett cry out sternly:

"Haul to! I want to board your boat."

"We don't want to have anything to do with you!" cried Don.

"If you don't haul to," cried Blodgett, as an evil look overspread his face, "I will run you down with my boat, and cut that thloop in two! Do you hear?"

"You had better not try it!" replied Don, calmly.

"I am going to do tho unleth you comply!" came the grim answer.

"Silas," whispered Don, quietly, "I will question him to learn his intentions. In the meantime you hurry into my cabin, load both of the rifles, and bring them out here."

"But yer don't mean ter shoot 'em, lad?" muttered the old sailor.

"If he tries to cut me down, I shall not hesitate."

"Will you obey me or not?" came the voice of Blodgett, just as Silas darted into the cabin, leaving Don alone.

"First, tell me what you want, Oliver Blodgett," cried Don.

"You mutht be a fool," replied the man contemptuously. "I thought you divined my object long ago. You are aware that I am after the letter your father thent you, and having been fooled once, I mean to thecure the paper now, and make prithonerth of you and that thailor."

"How candid of you!" scoffed Don. "I am glad you told me your plans. You know ours, and no doubt want to secure the money I am going to get. Caleb Dundy must have told you all. But you cannot balk me in this game, you thief! I shall resist you to the last."

"Do not drive me to extremeth," blustered the rascal, "for every man on thith boat ith devoted to me, and will do my bidding even though it be to kill you."

"No doubt you have a band of outlaws like yourself in your employ," cried the boy. "But I fear none of you. I defy you to injure me, and you shall not have the paper. That is my answer, confound you! Now do your worst!"

"I shall!" cried Blodgett, vindictively. "In a moment your craft will be foundering, and you will be glad to take refuge on thith boat, even ath my prithoners."

He turned to Caleb Dundy, and spoke to him. The man aimed the sharp prow of the *Vixen* at the stern of the *Daisy*, and rang the bell to the engineer to put on more steam, just as Silas ran out of the cabin with the rifles.

"Here they are, sir!" cried the old sailor. "Both loaded!"

Don rounded up the *Daisy* in the wind. This brought the yacht out of the *Vixen*'s course, and the steam yacht, under the impetus of additional power, darted ahead with increased speed. Don caught the tiller between his knees, and seizing one of the rifles from the old sailor's hand, he whispered:

"You cover the pilot. I'll fix the other."

"Ay—ay, sir!" chuckled Silas.

Don aimed his rifle at Oliver Blodgett, and the man recoiled.

"Now you go on," advised Don. "Go on, or I'll shoot you."

"May the furieth thieze him!" hissed Blodgett, turning pale.

The Vixen was going rapidly now, and swerved off to the right, darted by the sloop and then forged ahead of the Daisy. Don laughed, and put his boat before the wind.

"They didn't expect that sort of a reception," said he.

"No; but they're a bad lot. They'll try to catch us nappin', sir."

"If they do they must be very clever."

"Waal, sir, thar they goes now, ten fathom ahead of us."

"Nor will we have any further molestation tonight, Silas."

Don's words proved true, for the Vixen kept on. Then the Daisy's snowy canvas bulged out, and she went after the other at a less rapid rate of speed. The steam yacht kept on until it gained a lead of two miles from the Daisy before they diminished her speed. Then she ran along at the same rate as the sloop. It was evident that Blodgett's plan was to keep the Daisy in plain view, for if the villain could not get hold of Don's letter, he could at least shadow the boy to his destination, where he would doubtless make an effort to wrest the treasure from him. Two days later a terrible storm came up, and lasted for a long time, blowing the little craft along at a fearful rate. But they managed to weather it, and finally the storm passed over, leaving them all but exhausted by their exertions. After a good long sleep, however, they were again themselves. They made a careful examination of the Daisy, and found that much damage had been done. Don had a large supply of rigging on hand of most every requisite to repair the damage, however. By mid-day, after the storm, excepting for a battered-up appearance, the yacht was put in as good trim as she was before, as Don and Silas had worked like beavers. The old sailor then got out the quadrant and sextant, and made an observation to discover their whereabouts. The result filled them with surprise and delight..

"Why," said the old sailor, "dash me ef we ain't been druv sou'ard by ther storm arter all, an' we're now about fifty miles off'n the coast o' So' Carolina, my boy."

"Jerusalem! That was lucky, Silas!"

"Pretty night the Gulf Stream, too. Latter-tood seventy-eight, longertood thirty-two an' eight. By nightfall, ef this ere breeze keeps on, we'll pass Charleston, an' ter-morrer be a-goin' down the coast o' Georgia. Then gi' me three days more, an' we'll see Carniveral light on Floridy."

"And no sign of the Vixen!" said Don. "I wonder where she is?"

"Mebbe at the bottom o' the sea. Anyhow, I hopes as she is."

The Daisy came in sight of the coast within four hours, and her course was altered to south by east. Silas gave the yacht a fresh coat of paint the next day, and after the brass work was polished up and everything put in its place in the usual orderly way, the Daisy looked like herself

once more, much to Don's satisfaction. The climate was gradually growing warm and balmy the further down south they got, and the weather was mild. Rough sea sailing lost its novelty to Don, and he had such unbounded faith in his boat now that he had no more fear than if he was on a giant ocean steamer.

CHAPTER VIII.—Travernier's Key.

Of necessity, from the direction the Daisy came from, she could not follow the course taken by Tom Gray in pursuit of Pancho Marti, who started from Bahio Honda, and wound among the chain of keys, going northeastward. When Don reached the Ragged Keys, fronting Miami, he turned the Daisy into Biscayne Bay, through which he went to Rubicon Point, and then made his way through a small and dangerous set of reefs at the northeastern end of Largo, down beside which he sailed until he reached Carysfort reefs. Then, taking a channel, he tacked off southeast, and soon sighted a small key, which he was sure to be that designated in the map as Travernier's. It was a bright and sunshiny afternoon.

Eli was lounging up forward, and Don held the stick. Erskine lay on the deck amidships, smoking his pipe. There is a certain sultriness in that tropical climate that makes everybody feel lazy and indolent beyond measure. How long their quietness might have lasted is a mystery had not Don suddenly straightened up and exclaimed:

"There it is!"

"Wot's that, my hearty?" queried Silas.

"Travernier's Key," replied the boy, pointing ahead.

"The treasure reef, eh? And wot's that astarn?"

Silas had arisen, and pointed to a dark moving object miles away.

"The Vixen, sure!" cried Don, despondently.

"Maybe it's a Havana steamer," said Silas, encouragingly.

"But are we not a little west of their course?"

"I reckon we are a p'int or two," admitted Silas.

"Then it must be Blodgett's boat."

"Let's keep on our course, anyhow."

"Certainly I will. If he interferes with me I'll fix him."

Silas nodded, and watched the key they were approaching.

"Eli," he exclaimed, "go forward, my lad, an' keep a lookout fur shoals."

The little darky got up in the bow, and fastened his glance on the water. The Daisy had up full mainsail, a working topsail, and two staysails out on the long bowsprit. There was just breeze enough to heel her over, and make a murmuring ripple at her stem, and at her stern post. The board was down and she glided through the dark green water with the utmost grace and speed. Don was on the western side of the key he was heading for, and in order to escape the observation of those on the coming steamer, whatever it was, he resolved to head south, and make a circuit of the coral reef. Accordingly, when they arrived within a short distance of the key, he

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slackened off his sheets and ran southward, following the described circle of the shores of the reef. In a little while he was out of sight of the other vessel. The key was quite a small one, but one side of it rose up to a height of thirty feet above low-water mark.

"I don't see anything of any palmetto trees," said Don, who was earnestly scanning the low shores of the key. "Can this be the one?"

"It mus' be," said Silas. "Looker thar. Don't yer see ther so'west end o' Largo yonder? This can't be nuthin' else, sir."

"I hope it is. Ah—look at that elevation there."

"An' thar's a chance fur us ter hide, yacht an' all!"

"The question is can we float in there?" said Don.

"We kin try, anyhow," replied Silas. "Gi' me ther stick."

The coon had a plumb-line sounding, and as the old sailor took the helm the *Daisy* forged on toward the reef. At frequent intervals Eli called out the depth, and while he was heaving the lead Don went into the cabin and hoisted up the huge center-board. The water shoaled dangerously several times, then would deepen again suddenly, and after a while, although the keel once or twice scraped over sunken sand-bars, the yacht reached the acclivity and the wind was taken out of her sails. The opening was wider than they thought, and while Don let down the staysails and mainsheet, the *Daisy* glided in. The passage was one hundred feet long, curved to the right and opened into a lagoon of considerable size. They were completely sheltered and came to a standstill by grounding with a gentle shock, but as they saw that the tide was running in, they had no fear about getting away. The walls around them were almost as high as the mainmast, but an opening showed a clear path through the cliff to the level of the key through which they could go with a rowboat. They did not furl the sails, but simply left them lying upon the booms, and then lowered the tender and took a bow line.

"I can hardly restrain my impatience," said Don, as he and Silas got into the rowboat, and leaving Eli on board rowed ashore. "I am curious to look for that cavern."

The old sailor smiled, and as they reached the cliff he reached out, and tied the bowline to a jutting rock.

"Have you ever been about this neighborhood before, Silas?" asked Don.

"Many a time. Your father and me war mos' allers carried aroun' wi' ther pirate in his boat. These 'ere waters is ez familiar ter me fer ther las' ten year ez your house in New York ter you."

"Were you ever on this key?"

"I don't know yet. I'll see pretty soon."

A little later they reached the shore, drew the boat upon a rocky ledge so it would not float away, and walked out on the key to where they had an uninterrupted view. One glance around showed them the whole locality. There was nothing but a flat surface of coral sloping down to the east shore, not a vestige of vegetation, and only a few rocks tumbled about the shores on all sides. There were no signs of two palmetto trees, or the rocks amid which the pirate's cave was supposed to be. Don glanced blankly at the old sailor.

"This cannot be the place," he muttered.

"Not yet. S'posen we navigate aroun', prospectin'?"

"What for? There is nothing to be found here."

"Ye can't tell. These keys sometimes gits submerged."

"Come on, then. You go south and I'll go north."

Silas nodded, and walked away. Don felt disappointed as he set out, keeping a sharp outlook. He had felt sure that this key was the one he sought, but it did not look anything like the one he was hunting for. Glancing back, he could just see a portion of the *Daisy*'s topmast showing above the top of the cliffs in which she was ensconced. The shore he was pursuing was very rough and uneven. He had to be careful where he walked, as there were innumerable holes in the ground into which one could easily fall and break a limb. Most of them were dry, as the ground was nothing but perforations through which the water could sink. When the boy reached the northern extremity of the island he peered over a projection, and saw the distant dark object on the water assume the proportions of a steamer of some sort. But he could not see whether it was the *Vixen* or not. As he was about to pass on he glanced down at the ground and to his amazement he saw a discolored Spanish doubloon lying at his feet. Stooping down, he picked it up.

"How did this come here?" he muttered, glancing at it curiously. "It is very evident somebody beside us has been on this key before."

There was a narrow opening between the rocks on the shore. It was the only one he had seen, and struck with a sudden idea, he turned his back to the sea and walked inland. Not a score of steps had he taken when he came to a large hollow, in the bottom of which lay a broken palmetto tree.

"Ah!" he cried, joyfully, "here it is at last. This must be one of the two trees! They may have been swept down by a cyclone, such as are common hereabouts. But where are the rocks in back of them?"

Not a rock was to be seen, but he walked on, and saw Silas poking along the shore on the other side of the island. One hundred yards further on, and as he glanced up at Silas again, he suddenly stumbled, and ere he could save himself he fell down into a hole in the ground, uttering a startled cry. He landed on his feet like a cat, though. He was about six yards from the surface. There was plenty light coming in from the opening overhead, and as he scrambled to his feet he found himself in a small cavern under the surface of the key.

"This must be the place!" he muttered, and then he groped around and discovered a square block, which he raised, disclosing a rusted iron ring in the floor beneath it. Raising a large piece of coral, he saw a square opening as dark as midnight yawning at his feet. There was a flight of rude stairs, and positive that he was now at the entrance to the treasure cavern, he descended. As soon as he let go the trap-door it fell with a crash. He was startled, and tried to open it, but it would not move.

Don was in a bad fix. Having matches in his

pocket, he lit one and looked about. Near him there was a large hole, and as he went to the edge and looked down the tentacles of a hideous octopus came out of the hole, seized Don in their winding folds, and drew him down into the deep hole, until he was in water up to his knees.

CHAPTER IX.—Saved.

Silas, meantime, had made a complete circuit of the two palmetto trees, and came to a pause at the opening in the rocks, that gave access to the shore, where Don had found the Spanish coin. Plunging in through the pass, he went prowling about looking for the boy, and wondered where he had vanished to so suddenly. The old sailor imagined that Don must have gone out on the shore, and began to call for him. Not finding him, he climbed upon a high boulder to take a survey when his attention became attracted toward an oncoming steamer, and he was dismayed to observe that it was Oliver Blodgett's steam yacht—the Vixen.

"It won't do fur 'em ter see me here," muttered Silas, as he jumped down, "an' that's just what they will, ef I don't git out o' sight, fur they've got glasses aboard, an' I knows it. It's very evident as they've weathered ther storm, else they wouldn't be so nigh in our wake. I hopes as they'll pass us by."

He went in among the rocks, and taking a chew of plug, he lay there nearly an hour, watching the Vixen. She drew quite close to the Key, and he plainly saw a couple of men standing on the forward deck, scanning the reef with telescopes. Then the yacht passed around the elevation, amid which the Daisy was moored, with Eli on watch. Silas breathed a sigh of relief, as they did not slacken speed.

"I'll jist anchor here till they've left us astarn," he muttered, "an' then we kin go on wi' our s'arch fearin' no interruption."

Fifteen minutes did Silas patiently wait, glancing over at the sea on the south side in the meantime, to see the Vixen appear from behind the rocky elevation.

"She must aport her helm," he muttered, raising at last, "an' gone off ter east'ard, to'ards Largo, else she'd a-shown up."

He walked out on the shore again, and was wondering what way Don had gone, when suddenly a skiff rounded a jutting rock containing Blodgett, Caleb Dundy, and two sailors.

The boat grounded and the men stepped ashore. "They must 'a seen either me, Don, or ther topmast o' ther Daisy," said Silas, disappointedly. "Wot in thunder'll I do?"

The men saw him as he stood there irresolute, and then hurried along the shore toward the old sailor. Indeed, long before the Vixen anchored near the opening into which the Daisy had gone, Blodgett had espied the topmast of the sloop over the elevation, and then he saw Silas moving about on the island and recognized him. When the storm fell upon the sea, the Vixen had managed to reach snug quarters at East Portsmouth, where she remained until it expended its fury; then, knowing the direction the Daisy would take,

Blodgett followed after the fugitive yacht. They sighted the Daisy at the same time Don saw the Vixen, and had kept the sloop under surveillance ever since. Silas looked around uneasily, wishing that Don was there, and as Blodgett advanced, ahead of the others, he exclaimed:

"Waal, dash me now, yer lubber, an' wot do yer want here?"

"I am looking for that young murderer and yourself," coolly replied Blodgett, as he drew a paper out of his pocket. "Thith paper," he added, "ith a warrant for your arretht."

Silas looked at the audacious rascal a moment in grave silence. Then he burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Moreover," imperturbably went on the rascal, "I will carry my point with an arbitrary hand, if needth be. Should you rethith, I will order my men to shoot you down on the thpot!"

Silas walked up to Blodgett, spit on his hands, rubbed them together, then up and down on his legs, and doubling up his brawny fists he exclaimed, in good-humored tones:

"Then, by golly," said Silas, squaring off, and dancing around the other, "I'm a-goin' ter gi' yer a broadside on yer smellin' tackle!"

He gave Blodgett a punch on the nose. The man uttered a cry, and fell over on his back. The warrant fell from his hands, and Silas picked it up. The old sailor contemptuously tore the warrant to shreds, and tossed the pieces into the surf.

"Shoot him down! Shoot the rathcal down, my men!" shouted the enraged Blodgett, as he scrambled to his feet, dodged a blow from Silas' fist, and ran back to the others.

The men did not comply with this autocratic command, and in a paroxysm of anger Blodgett pulled out his own revolver. But just as he was about to pull the trigger and perhaps kill brave Erskine, one of the sailors knocked the pistol from his hand. He uttered a snarling cry and turned upon the man furiously.

"What did you do that for?" he cried wrathfully.

"That man's an old messmate o' mine," replied the other, unmoved by the impotency of Blodgett's fury, "an' I didn't sign articles to kill men, or permit you to kill men, Mr. Blodgett!"

For the first time Silas's glance fell upon the other man's face. The old sailor started as if he was shot. Then he sprang forward and grasped the sailor's hand, wrung it in a wild ecstasy of joy, and cried, in astounded tones:

"Waal, yer kin dash me ef it ain't Bill Gallo-way! An' alive, too!"

The man returned the old sailor's handshake warmly. He was the same man whom Don had struck down with a stool in the West street sailors' boarding-house.

"Alive?" he echoed. "Yes—but I was nigh most killed!"

"How came ye ter sail wi' that rascal?" demanded Silas, pointing at the slinking figure of Oliver Blodgett.

"Oh, just before I got hit an' nearly brained I signed articles to work for him on the Vixen. I got over my trouble, an' sailed as I'd been pair to do, but I was mos' killed."

"He's a villain, Bill! Dead set on gittin' me in trouble!"

Blodgett approached Dundy and the other sailor.

"Galloway will dethert uth now," he whispered. "I'm thorry I brought him ashore, for the thailor now knowth his friend did not kill him. I hoped to make prithonerth of them with that warrant. My plan failed. If they combine they will fight hard for the treasure. It mutht be on thith island, or else they would not be here. We mutht capture them to avoid further trouble. I'll give each of you one hundred dollarth to do it."

That was incentive enough for the two villains. They stole up behind the two sailors and seized them. Each of the rascals held a revolver in his hand. The sailors tore themselves free and started back.

"Run for it, Silas!" whispered the other. "Go for the boat! They are desperate. We may lose our lives, as we are unarmed!"

Silas nodded, considering discretion the better part of valor. So they both ran, pursued along the shore by the others. As soon as they reached the rowboat they shoved it in the water, as the surf did not break heavily on that side of the reef, sprang in, and having a lead on their enemies, they rowed away ere the angry men could reach them.

"There! We are safe now!" muttered Galloway.

"No! Look out. They're a-goin' ter fire!" cried Silas.

His warning came just in time, for as they threw themselves flat in the bottom of the rocking skiff the three chagrined men on shore opened fire on them with their revolvers. No sooner was this done, when Eli appeared some distance in back of the men, the little darky having seen the anchored steamer, and came ashore from the Daisy to warn Don and Silas. He saw that the men were firing at the old sailor, and having a shotgun in his hand, Eli unhesitatingly fired the charge at them. Then he turned around and ran away. Some of the shot struck the sailor. The attention of the rascals was diverted from the two sailors, and as soon as Silas noticed it, he jumped up, followed by his friend, seized the oars and rowed around the elevated side of the key.

"We mus' try an' git aboard o' ther Daisy!" exclaimed the old sailor, "else them blasted swabs'll take possession of her!"

"Ay," replied Galloway, who was a dark-complexioned man, with a black mustache, and somewhat resembled Blodgett. "I am not goin' to stick to that villain, now I know what he is. But tell me how you happen to know about how I got hurt."

Erskine then gave his companion a brief account of what happened. It filled the man with anger at Blodgett for his perfidy. They then rowed in close to the heights which uprose from the sea, unaware that Blodgett and Bundy were directly over their heads, looking down at them from the top of the elevation. As soon as the skiff got close to the reef Blodgett picked up a huge rock of coral, and, making a precise calculation, he let it drop toward the heads of the sailors. Down came the huge lump with frightful velocity. It swerved a little, struck a ledge, and, bounding off, it hit the gunwale of the boat, while several broken pieces struck the two sailors and capsized the skiff.

Over it went, spilling Galloway in the water, and he struck out for the shore, while Silas was half stunned, and clung to the keel of the skiff instinctively to save himself from drowning. There was a strong eddy, into which the boat drifted, and caught by an invisible current it was carried over to a cleft in the rocks, where it disappeared from view. When Silas finally regained his faculties, he dragged himself up on the upturned skiff and straddled it. He was in total darkness, and saw that the boat had been carried by the current into a narrow tunnel of recent formation. Then he heard a wild, despairing cry, and something whizzed by his head that made him shudder with horror.

"An octopus! An' that's Don's voice!" he exclaimed.

He seemed to have reached the end of the passage, and felt a frightful commotion in the water beneath the boat. It was dreadfully dark, but he felt a human hand seize his own with a despairing clutch, and he caught hold, while with the other he drew out his sheath-knife. The old sailor's arm cut through the darkness like wild-fire, and the terrible tentacles holding Don were severed. Silas cut off several of the flying arms, and retained a strong clutch upon the boy, who had been sinking, in the power of the terrible monster. The octopus sunk from sight, and the old sailor dragged the half-fainting boy up on the boat. Fortunately the matches in Silas' pocket were not wet. He lit one, and saw that he was in the treasure cavern.

"Oh, Silas! God bless you!" cried Don. "You were just in time!"

"Ay, my lad, that monster had yer ready fur Davy Jones' locker sure."

Then Don hastily narrated what had occurred to him. The old sailor was filled with amazement. When the boy finished, showed him the gold and satisfied him, they righted the boat, got in and hastily shoved it out of the passage as Don explained that the rising tide would probably fill up their only means of exit. Before they reached the open air Silas told what had occurred, and the boy was wild with delight to think he had not killed Galloway after all. By the time the recital was finished they reached the outer air in safety without seeing any more of the terrible octopus. There was no sign of the steam yacht, and they drew themselves along the walls of the cliff in the deepening twilight to the lagoon where they had moored the sloop. But the Daisy was gone. Eli with it, and in tow of the Vixen it was being taken away. Don and Silas now had no means save the oarless skiff to leave the barren, waterless and foodless reef.

They made a search of the interior of the key, but not a living soul did they come across. They were disheartened, but, determined to do something to drive away the blue feeling, they set about storing the pirate's gold into the empty wine casks, of which the cave held aplenty.

A couple of days later the Daisy was seen approaching the island under full sail, with the Vixen in pursuit. There were Eli and Galloway aboard of her. She came in behind the coral reef and anchored, leaving the Vixen on the outside. Don hastened down to the shore. Silas had gone to the other side of the island, and as Don met

Eli and Galloway, old Silas came running up to them saying that a party of men had gone ashore on the other side of the island and were now on their way across. Eli then told Don that the Vixen's crew had captured the Daisy and were towing her up the coast when they had escaped by cutting the tow line.

Don now left the others and made his way through the pass. The moment he emerged from the pass he was set upon by a dozen men and knocked senseless.

He was kept a prisoner for two days before he succeeded in escaping back to his friends. Then, on learning that Silas had put all the treasure in the hold of the Daisy, Don determined his search was ended, and all hands were anxious to get home.

They sailed out of the passage in the reef on a dark night, unknown to the Vixen.

CHAPTER X.—Among the Man-Eaters.

When the following day dawned the Daisy was in sight off the coast, speeding along under main and stay sails and a working top sail, with no sign of the Vixen anywhere. It was a beautiful day, the sun gleaming down upon the trackless sea, making the waves sparkle as it rolled along with an easy swell under a whole sail breeze. Don was lying in a hammock reading a book, and Eli held the stick. Galloway was below, fast asleep, and Silas came out of the cabin smoking a pipe.

"I've took a observation, Don."

"Ah! Have you? And whereabouts are we?"

"Nigh on Jupiter Inlet, oppersite Lake Ikeecho-bee."

"A pretty good run. We must stop at St. Augustine for provisions, as our supply is giving out, and if the weather holds good, at this rate we ought to get there to-morrow afternoon. I intend to run as close as possible to the coast all the way home, as I do not want to get caught in another blow like the one we had coming down here."

Silas nodded, and after some further conversation he went up forward, got out the paint and varnish pots, and, having rigged a tackle, he spent the day painting and varnishing the sloop. Late in the afternoon his task was finished, and as Galloway had polished up the brasswork, the sloop looked like a new boat, the rough usage she had received having sadly spoiled her appearance. The two ropes Silas had lowered over the sides to sit on during his labor was fastened abaft of the mast, and as the old sailor untied them and went to the side to haul them up the sloop ran into a choppy sea, occasioned by a cross current. He was just leaning over the side at the time, when the Daisy gave a lurch, and ere Silas could save himself he pitched over head foremost into the temperate water. Don saw the accident, and uttered a warning cry to Eli. The little darky at once brought the Daisy up into the wind. Then Don ran to the side and peered over. He had no fears for Silas, knowing that the old fellow was a powerful swimmer, but as a precaution he tossed over a life-preserved. Silas came up a fathom from the stern.

"Lower a boat!" he shouted. "Quick!"

"Why? What can be the matter?" muttered Don.

He saw that the old sailor was in trouble of some kind, for after Silas seized the life-preserved he kept splashing and moving about in a most singular manner, mystifying the boy greatly. Don did not lose an instant speculating, however. His two quarter-boats were hanging from the davits, and calling to Eli to tack off toward Silas, he beckoned to Galloway and hurried to the boat on the port side to lower it.

"Quick! Hurry! Hurry up, for Heaven's sake!" shouted Silas.

"What ails the man? Has he got a cramp?" muttered Don.

"No, sir," said Galloway. "That's what's the matter!"

He pointed at the water, and his face grew as pale as death. Don glanced over, and he, too, recoiled with a cry of horror.

"Sharks!" he gasped, as his gaze fell upon a dorsal fin cutting the water.

"Ay, sir! A dozen of them!" replied Galloway, impressively.

"Hurry up, dash it!" shouted Silas, "or I'm a goner!"

The Daisy darted toward him on the starboard tack like an arrow. As she got on a line with him, Eli brought her up again with a rush, and she glided in nearer to the struggling sailor. By that time Don got the boat free, and it went down into the water with a rattle and splash as the lines ran free.

"Hold her up, Eli," cried Don. "We must use the skiff."

Galloway slid down the davit line just then.

"Look out!" I'm going to cast off," he shouted.

"Let her go!" returned Don, quickly, as he grasped the forward line.

The Daisy now rounded up in the wind with flapping sails. Eli was looking on keenly and maneuvering to aid them. The sailor freed the sternmost hook from the ring bolt in the bolt, and the forward davit line dragged it alongside with the yacht. Don then slid down the remaining rope, and shouted to Eli:

"Watch us close and keep her on and off, Eli!"

"Yes, sah! Bress my soul—de tide am kerryin' him away, sah!"

"Sure enough. Take the stern sheets, Galloway."

"Ay, ay, sir. Cast off—I'm ready!"

The skiff was bumping and Don hastily let go the forward davit halyard, grasped a pair of oars, shoved off from the Daisy, and his companion rowed away with all his strength. Silas was fully a cable's length away, and kept up his splashing, while he watched the hatchet-like fins dart toward him on all sides, anon a white belly showing beneath the green surface as one of the leviathans darted forward to snap him in two. The movement of his limbs puzzled them, however, and kept them at a distance, yet it was evident that his violent exertions must tire him out ere long.

The skiff went on, and Don's hand touched the old sailor's arm. With Don's help the old sailor managed to clamber into the boat just

as a huge shark made a vicious snap at him. A few minutes later the *Daisy* reached them, and while Silas and Galloway climbed upon deck, the sharks scattered and fled. Don remained on the skiff and fastened a tackle to it, with which Silas and Galloway hoisted it up out of the water on the deck, and it was restored to its place.

The other boat was taken on board, and the sails filling away they proceeded on their course none the worse for their adventure, excepting the ducking and scare they got. Under her new coat of paint and a general polishing the *Daisy* looked as beautiful as a picture, but Silas had no further desire to paint the boat again when sharks were around. Nothing was seen of the *Vixen*, and the following night they reached St. Augustine, where the gold was taken ashore and sold in the old Spanish-built city.

To Don's amazement and joy they realized over half a million dollars from the sale, and when it was divided in two Don gave Eli an eighth, and Silas gave Galloway an eighth. This was entirely satisfactory to all hands. None of them had expected as much. They left it intact for the present. Don then laid in a fresh supply of water and provisions, and two days later the *Daisy* sailed away again.

During the succeeding week they met with a smooth sea and fair winds all along the coast line, and without having yet seen the *Vixen* they rounded Cape Hatteras, and went up the coast on their way homeward, feeling sure their troubles were over at last, and that they had nothing to apprehend. Throughout the trip the *Daisy* had behaved magnificently, and this fact alone doubly endeared the beautiful white sloop to Don. One more day would see them within New York harbor again, with faces darkly bronzed by the sun, and much lighter spirits than they had when they were driven adrift. During the night Don espied a light at some distance. Don's keen glance had sighted it first as he stood at the helm talking to Silas, and Eli laid on the deck smoking a pipe, up forward, while he reeled off an outrageous yarn for the edification of Galloway.

"What do you make it out to be, Silas?" asked the boy.

"Barnegat," replied the old sailor.

"I think you must be mistaken. It looks as if it were moving."

"No—no; it's only the motion of the *Daisy* on this off-land swell."

"I know we are heaving up and down, but that light is, too."

"If it war a ship's light we'd see more'n one."

"Then to settle it I'm going aloft to have a survey," said Don.

"You'll find I'm right, my lad."

"Truly I hope so; yet I insist that you are wrong."

"Then take a look wi' yer glass."

"I will. And see—we are scarcely drifting. The wind is dying out."

"That's bad. We'll make a lee shore sure."

"Then let go the anchor. We can stop here to-night just as well as not."

"A werry good plan—ther shore is dangerous."

"Hello, there, boys!" shouted Don to the others.

"Ay, sir," returned Galloway, as he and Eli came aft.

"Furl the sails and let go the port anchor."

"Are you going to remain here for to-night, sir?"

"Yes. There are twenty fathoms under us, according to sounding."

"Ay, sir. I just put up the lights and there will soon be no wind."

"Anchoring is better than drifting. We may not catch a capful until daybreak, and can make New York by to-morrow night."

"Did you notice the light athwart our bow, sir?" asked Galloway.

"Yes. Fetch my glass from the cabin, Eli."

"Yes, sah."

Galloway went up forward and loosened the halyards of the stay-sails, for the canvas hung limply, only an occasional puff of wind lazily filling the sails, and down they came with a run. The main-sail was jogging from port to port. Eli went below and returned with the glass. Handing it to Don, he trimmed in the sheet-line and tied it down; then he went forward, and joining Galloway, they sent the fluttering canvas to the deck, as no top-sails had been set. Don walked over to the shrouds and ascended to the masthead. The *Daisy* was rolling on the swell, and a peak light hung up on the topping-lift, near the cross-trees. Having reached the foot of the top-mast, Don leveled his glass at the far distant speck of light, and a moment's survey showed him that it was on an anchored vessel of some kind. He could not make out what it was, but saw that they had taken up a position nearer in shore, and further north than the sloop, while beyond them was a white stream, probably off the shore of the Jersey coast. Barnegat light was not to be seen.

"I knew I was right!" muttered Don, pocketing his glass.

"Well?" cried Silas, who had been watching him. "Wot is it?"

"An anchored vessel, just as I said."

"Waal, that's surprisin', an' havin' a close lee, too."

"Within half a mile of shore."

"Must be a greenhorn, or summat's happenen'."

"Why do you think so, Silas?"

"'Cause no vessels anchors hereabouts fur nuthin'."

"I cannot make out what vessel it is, though."

"Strange," commented Silas, shaking his head. "It's werry strange."

"We can find out in the morning," cried Don.

He swung himself around the mast to descend to the deck. The sloop at the same juncture rose on the crest of a roller, and it suddenly went from in under the *Daisy*. She sank into the trough of the sea so suddenly that the mast was given a sudden wrench, and ere Don could save himself he was hurled from the cross-trees down toward the deck.

A cry of consternation burst from Silas's lips. Eli and Galloway echoed it, and rushed aft. Down plunged Don, and for an instant it seemed as if he must be killed by striking the deck forty feet below. He instinctively threw out his hands, and a thrill of joy passed over him as his fingers clutched the top lift. It was a very strong back-stay, and he hung on to it with grim tenacity, the

first shock nearly wrenching his arms from their sockets. There he hung suspended in midair a moment, his body swaying with the oscillations of the sloop, those down below fairly paralyzed.

"Blast my bones!" shouted Silas, gleefully, a moment later; "he's all right."

"Hold fast! Don't let go!" cried Galloway, encouragingly.

"You bet I won't," panted Don.

"Fro' yo' leg ober de stay, sah!" yelled Eli excitedly.

It was the most excellent advice, and Don followed it out. It relieved his arms of a fearful strain, and as the rope hung at an acute angle from the end of the boom up to the throat of the mast, he began to slide down the inclined plane toward the deck. He had not gone far, however, when he heard a report as loud as the discharge of a pistol over his head.

"The strands have been parted by my falling on the rope, and are giving away," he muttered. "Oh, it will give away now."

Crack! crack! crack! went the rope. He felt it sagging, and slid down faster. Half of the distance was traversed, when suddenly there came a sudden jar, a louder snap than before, and as an exclamation of distress broke from Don's lips, the rope parted. The tension on it had been so great that the rope was flung out, the boy hurtled through the air, released his hold, and just missing the rail, he plunged into the sea. Down he sunk a distance; then his descent was checked by a sudden jerk at his ankle, and he reached around and found that his leg was caught in a bight of the stay. Turning as he did wound the broken topping-lift around his other leg, and as the water soaked the rope, it began to twist about him as only a rope will do once it gets wet. He struggled toward the surface, but found himself so entangled in the rope that he felt he would be helpless to swim. He certainly could not sustain himself long that way, and the more he struggled the worse he became entangled. Already he began to despair, for drowning was now imminently probable unless he received help from those on the *Daisy*!

CHAPTER XI.—Scuttled!

"Heave away, my lads! heave away!"

"Oho! Ahoy! Pull together!"

"Dar he am, shuah 'nough!"

The three men on the deck of the yacht had caught hold of the broken rope, and just then hauled Don up out of the water. The boy was exhausted by his struggles, but glad to escape. They drew him up on deck, all tangled up in the rope. It did not take them long to release him.

"By jingo!" he gasped. "That was a narrow escape."

"An' blast me ef you're so much as scratched!" Silas cried.

"No; I see the boom fell down. Ugh! I'm cold. I guess I'll go below and change my clothing. The temperature of this climate is vastly different from that around the Florida Keys."

"Did yer lose yer glass?"

"It dropped from my pockets as I fell."

"Too bad. However, yer life's worth a sight more'n that."

"Shall I rig a new topping-lift?" queried Galloway.

"Yes; there are spare ropes in Eli's place forward," said Don, "and as we may want to set at daybreak, this work may as well be done."

Galloway nodded, and walked away with Eli.

"I will remain below, and you can turn in, Silas," said the boy, "while Eli and Galloway remain on watch."

"Orright, sir, I'll arrange it wi' them."

Don felt cold and uncomfortable from his immersion. He went down into his beautiful little cabin, changed his underclothing and laid out a dry suit from a locker. In this locker he had all the money he realized from the sale of the pirate's gold. It was done up in a package of \$1,000 bills. He glanced at it, closed the locker, and entering the little state-room he turned in, tired out from his recent exertions. Silas remained on deck until the new topping-lift was rigged, and then he, too, went below, leaving Eli and Galloway on duty, to keep a lookout until three o'clock the next morning, when they were to awaken Don and Silas to take their place. Eli was an inveterate smoker, and amused himself with his pipe, while Galloway made his way to the port side to look for the mysterious light which had occasioned Don's mishap. The anchor had been hove, and the *Daisy* swung around with the tide, so that her bow pointed to leeward.

"Why!" exclaimed Galloway, after a long, careful and searching survey, "the light has disappeared. I wonder where it has gone?"

The twilight had deepened into night. There were clouds flying across the sky, obscuring the moon and most of the stars, and not a ripple, or breath of wind disturbed the bosom of the sea. Objects had grown dim and obscure everywhere, still, had the light been burning, it certainly would now show more plainly. Still the sailor could not see it. The only inference he could draw, was that the vessel had departed.

Watching at night, on the deck of a vessel, is dreary work, and the two men got up in the bow, sat down under the bulwark and began to tell each other yarns to pass the time away. Several hours passed monotonously by. Near the hour of midnight, a greater darkness had fallen on the water, and unseen by the two sleepy fellows, a row-boat was approaching the sloop, coming from the direction in which Don had first seen the light glowing on the anchored vessel. The boat contained a dozen men. Foremost among them was Oliver Blodgett. It was a light on the *Vixen* which Don had seen, and with their glasses, Blodgett's men had sighted the *Daisy*. They came along with muffled oars, and proceeding to the bow of the yacht, they tied the painter of the boat fast, and swarmed up on the bowsprit, with the agility of cats. Not a man in the whole crew was sober, even Blodgett having been drinking heavily that night, although it was not his custom; and with the liquor firing their brains, they were ripe for almost any sort of mischief. Galloway and Eli were suddenly startled by seeing the shadowy forms flit over the bows, and uttering cries of surprise

they ran over to the racks and armed themselves with capstan bars.

"It is Blodgett and his crew," gasped Galloway.

"Thurrender!" cried the individual named, in tones of intense rage, as he ran toward them with Caleb Dundy. "Throw up your handth, or by the powerth of darkneth, we will shoot you down!"

"Doan yo' gib in to dat trash, Galloway!" admonished Eli, excitedly. "Doan yo' do it, chile. Knock 'em down wif yo' bah. Ki dar! Massa Don! Help! Help! Blodgett's heah!"

"Thtop that niggerth yelling!" growled Blodgett, furiously.

The men made a dash for the sailor and the cook, and Blodgett and Dundy, followed by a couple of the others, rushed over to the cabin door and pushing it open ran in. Don just had risen, alarmed at Eli's cries, and Silas was putting on his pants when they came in.

"Blodgett!" cried the startled boy, recoiling.

"Dash me ef it ain't!" shouted Silas, in surprise.

"Go for them!" cried the rascal to his men. "Go for them!"

"Ay, ay! Hooray fer Blodgett!" shouted the rascals.

Don and Silas were taken unawares. Before they could arm themselves with a defensive weapon, the horde was upon them, and they had to rely upon their fists. The very first blow Don struck caught Dundy on the jaw. It knocked him spinning across the cabin. Two sailors took his place, and Don fought them back. The door opened again and in ran several more. These fellows attacked Silas. The old sailor knocked them down, but before he could do any further damage, they fell upon him, bore him over on the floor, and in a trice had him bound hand and foot. Don might have fought the two sailors off, but Blodgett stole up behind him and, with a marline spike, struck him a blow which for an instant stunned him. Uttering a groan, Don fell over upon the floor. Before he recovered his shattered faculties, Blodgett made a helpless prisoner of him, and then went out on deck. Galloway and Eli had fallen victims to the others. Assured of this, Blodgett returned to the cabin.

"The thloop ith ourth!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"You infernal villain!" groaned Don. "Oh, if I had only been prepared for you and your sneaking satellites, such a reception of hot lead as you would have gotten!"

"Bah! A fig for your threath!" scoffed the man.

"You have stolen a march on me. And now—your intentions?"

"My intentionth? Ith it pothible you cannot fathom them?"

"No! What are you going to do?"

"Why, you muht be a lunatic not a gueth. I want that money."

"Robber—pirate! So that is what you have become, eh?"

"Call it what you will, I don't care," was the cool reply.

"Well, you can't get it."

"But I will. You thold the gold in St. Augustine!"

"How do you know?" asked Don, in amazement.

"Becauth I wath up the St. Johnth river when you wath, and had my thpies watching all of your actionth!"

"Ha! and I knew nothing of it!"

"Ha, ha, ha! And with good reathon! Do you thupposth I'd tell you!"

"Well, all your spying won't avail you."

"It will. I'm going to search thith boat from deck to keelson."

"And if you rob me you will suffer the penality."

"Penalty! I will thuffer nothing."

"Why won't you?"

"Becauth you will not live after it to injure me."

"Eh? Is it possible you contemplate murder, too?"

"Don't use ugly nameth. I thimply mean to guard my thafety."

"By taking my life! Oh, you are worse than I even imagined!"

"Well, if drowning in your own vethel ith murder you may call it tho, but I wouldn't, Donald Gray."

"I cannot comprehend your allusion."

"It ith very plain. I am going to scuttle thith yacht."

"And leave me and my friends on board—bound this way?"

"Exactly. It ith the beth plan."

"Monster of iniquity—"

"Shut up!"

"If I do escape, you will suffer dearly."

"But you won't!" was the brutal reply.

"First you cheat me out of my legacy, and now—"

"That ith one very good reathon for my precautions," interrupted the villain, blandly. "You thee, if I allow you to live after I thecure the money you got for the piratht's gold, you could have me arrethted for piracy, bethideth making me give a public accounting for what I did with your motherth legathy to you. Thith would be deuthedly awkward for me, ath I've thpent nearly every penny of that hundred thouthand dollath, and in either cathe I would go to jail. Ath long ath I can prevent such a catastrophe I'm going to do it."

Don did not reply. He was overwhelmed with consternation. As for Silas, he was very busy just then swearing like a trooper at the others, and imploring them to liberate him alone so that he could make mincemeat out of the whole crew. Blodgett cast a vindictive glance at Don.

"I've thuffered a good deal from you," he said, "and now my time hath come to get even. And, mark you, I'll have my revenge!"

Then turning to his men, he said:

"Carry the thailor and the nigger down below, thearch every hole and corner in the yacht for the gold, and procure an auger from the tool cheth to thecutle the boat when we leave."

"Ay, sir," said several of the men in chorus.

They left the cabin, and Blodgett remained. He meant to search the cabin himself. Don kept still, but Silas turned his expletives at the rascal. Blodgett paid no attention to him, but began his search. He ransacked everything, and finding the locker in which the money lay, he

was not long in discovering it. A cry of intense exultation burst from his lips as his avaricious glance fell upon the huge heap of money. Don and Silas looked very much chagrined. It was hard—a very bitter pill to swallow—to lose the precious money after all their work, risk, trouble and fighting to get it. They felt very bad, too, to see that Blodgett got it after all. Perhaps their disgust might have been modified had it fallen into other hands; but, at the last moment—for their enemy to steal it when they were almost home and safe from him and his minions—it fairly crushed their spirits. He gazed at them with a fiendish smile on his evil face, and seizing the package, he walked to the door with it.

"I wish you good-by," said he blandly. "We will never meet again in thith world, but may in eternity. You are doomed."

Then he left the cabin. Out on deck he met Dundy, holding an auger in his hand. Taking it from the man he went down below, and while Dundy got all his men into the skiff, he reached the hold. With the auger he bored two holes in the bottom planks, and leaving the water spurting in, he hastily made his way on deck again and joined his rascally confederate. It looked very much just then as if the trip of the Daisy was finished. Glancing down at Eli and Galloway, who lay in the cook's quarters, he uttered a sibilant laugh, and beckoned his friend to follow. Clutching the package of money in his arms, he descended into his skiff in the midst of his men, and at the word of command they dropped their oars into the water and rowed hastily away from the scuttled yacht. A moment later they vanished in the darkness.

CHAPTER XII.—Half a Million Overboard

Left alone on the scuttled Daisy, Don and Silas were in a very unhappy frame of mind, for they did not expect that attack from Oliver Blodgett and his crew, nor did they dream that he would commit a piracy of the package of money. Over half a million! It was a magnificent haul for Blodgett, for although Don had divided the money, Silas, Eli, and Galloway had asked him to keep their shares until they reached New York.

"The light we saw was not Barnegat," said Don. "I can see through it now. It must have been on the Vixen I saw it."

"Dash me ef you ain't right," groaned Silas, dismally.

"They have overcome Eli and Galloway," muttered Don.

"Blast their foul timbers!"

"And have scuttled the Daisy!"

"Then we're headin' fer Davy Jones' locker, sure!"

"If they had not bound us so tightly—"

"Hull on! Roll over here—I'll chaw yer bindin's open!"

Don did so, and regardless of pain or his very solid teeth, Silas attacked the piece of lanyard, holding Don's wrists, with such determination he managed to liberate the boy. In a twinkling Don freed his ankles, and then cut Silas' bonds with his sheath-knife.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "We've lost the money, Silas, but we won't drown here, as he intended. Come on—we'll see what they have done to the others and the boat."

They ran out of the cabin on deck. It was dark and still—not a breath of air blowing. They soon found Galloway and Eli down in the cook's quarters, and after they had liberated them, an examination of the hold showed the two auger holes Blodgett had bored in the bottom, through which the sea water was spurting in. They plugged up the holes in a twinkling. The yacht had taken in a good deal of water, but they manned the pumps, and within an hour she was as dry as a bottle. Far off to leeward they saw a light moving along northward, and knew that the Vixen was steaming away for New York. The Daisy was now able to follow slowly, as a slight breeze sprang up, and filled away the sails, after the anchor was raised. It came from the southward, and Don slackened off the sheet lines, letting the canvas run free.

"We could use the spinnaker now," he said to Silas. "Get it."

"Ay, sir! Galloway! Come here!"

Eli had just finished fastening the club topsail halyards, and going to the assistance of Silas and Galloway, they lowered the spinnaker boom, and set the huge sail. Then they ran up the tremendous balloon jib, and the Daisy glided swiftly through the dark night in pursuit of the Vixen. Before morning dawned, the wind increased until the yacht fairly flew through the brine, buried to her bowsprit. They passed the Sandy Hook light, and were going as fast as the Vixen, which was fully a league ahead of them. Don would not allow a single light lit. By so doing, if those on the Vixen did not know that he had saved himself and his sloop, they could follow the Vixen without discovery, up into the harbor, ere day broke.

"Silas," said the boy, gazing keenly ahead, "don't you notice that they have not increased their speed any? Now, if they were aware that they Daisy is all right, and in pursuit of them, they would put on a full head to distance us."

"Ay, now—so they would, my lad."

"At this rate, although we are not gaining an inch on them, we are able to keep at their heels, until we get into port."

"An' wot then? Wi' daylight they'll skip away from us!"

"That's so, Silas, unless something prevents them."

"Wot could happen, sir?"

"I don't know! And there are lights ahead now."

"Mus' be Staten Islan', or Fort Hamilton."

"Yes—or perhaps a vessel."

Silas pointed off to the eastern sky.

"An' thar's day a-breakin' at larst!" said he, grimly.

"So it is! Yes, there are the harbor lights, but besides that those twinkling little glows are on some other vessel besides the Vixen."

The Daisy swept along with an easy motion, and they saw the gray dawn breaking the dark clouds of night. The Vixen's lights came in conjunction with the others, too, just then.

"The other vessel has stopped them!" said Don.

"Ay, now! Dash me, Don," cried Silas, jubilantly, "but it's the revenue!"

"Ha! The Custom House boat!"

"True, my lad, true. The inspectors o' the port!"

The Daisy rushed ahead, gaining now that the Vixen had come to a pause, and ten minutes passed by. They got within a mile of the two vessels, when they saw the boats quite plainly and people on their decks.

"And look!" cried Don, excitedly, "there are two men on the after deck of the Vixen, one of them pointing this way. I see a ladder going from the custom-house boat to the steam yacht, and the officers crossing on it to their tug. They are leaving the Vixen, and the two fellows on the deck of the yacht are Blodgett and Dundy. Run and get me some rockets, Silas—quick!"

"Wot for?" was the surprised reply.

"I don't want them to get away from the revenue boat just yet."

Wondering what he was planning, and seeing that Blodgett had sighted them and would now try to escape, as he evidently recognized the Daisy, Silas ran down below. In the cabin were several signalling rockets. He brought them up on deck.

"Now, take the stick," said Don. "I'm going to try an experiment, my boy. Hurry up. Ah, I've got matches."

Silas grasped the tiller, and taking the rockets Don ran up forward with them to the bows. Setting one of the rockets down very carefully, he called to Silas to veer off a point, so the pyrotechnic would clear the stay-sails and the old sailor obeying, the boy lit the fireworks. Then came a hiss, a roar, and tremendous buzz as the rocket rushed away over the water like a meteorite. It rose a hundred feet over the waves, darting toward the Vixen, leaving a broad stream of fire behind, and so truly was it calculated by Don, it fell on the deck of the Vixen. Just then the steam yacht parted from the government vessel, and darted away under a full head of steam. The rocket must have aroused the suspicions of the inspectors, for no sooner had the Vixen sped away when the revenue tug darted after the steam yacht, and Don sent another rocket as the Daisy trailed on after the two flying boats. This one missed its mark, flying over the other yacht.

"That fetched them!" muttered the boy. "There goes the tug after her full split, and gaining in the bargain."

"They suspect them now," observed Galloway, approaching.

"Yes, and will make them haul to!" said Don.

He prepared another rocket, and sent it hissing after the Vixen. This one struck the smoke-stack, glanced off, and fell into the water.

"As good as gun practice!" laughed the boy.

The light of morning was now momentarily broadening, and a dull, gray light swept down upon the water as the Daisy went around Coney Island Point, with the fugitive steam yacht racing toward Fort Wadsworth, and the revenue boat coming up with her. Five—ten—fifteen minutes passed by, when suddenly the Vixen hauled to, the government boat ran alongside, and the officers boarded the steam yacht.

"Haul down that balloon jib and spinnaker!" cried Don.

Silas and the others let the huge balloon down with a run, and while Eli hurried out on the foot ropes of the bowsprit to furl the sail, Galloway and Silas dropped the spinnaker, and hoisted up the boom alongside of the mast. Don then tacked off toward the Staten Island shore under the main and club topsail, and two plain foresails. The tide was running in, fortunately, and the Daisy was whirled along by wind and stream, like a race-horse, toward the two steamers, which now drifted side by side. In a few minutes they came up with them, and an officer appearing on the leeward side of the Vixen, shouted to Don:

"What is the matter?"

"That fellow tried to murder and rob us, and scuttle this sloop."

"Ha! So that is the case, eh?"

"I will throw you a line. Stand by. And I'll go on board."

"Let it come; take the port side."

"Silas, get a line ready there to make fast."

"Ay, sir. Bring her up now; I am ready."

Don shoved the tiller to leeward, and the Daisy rounded up in the wind, while Eli and Galloway ran forward to lower the jibs. The boy had calculated just right, for the Daisy swept around, and just as Silas flung a rope to the officer, the sloop touched the side of the Vixen, and the boom swung off to port. The line was made fast, and then Don boarded the Vixen. Blodgett stood on the after deck, talking to a couple of officers, and Don explained to the man he first addressed what happened. To prove his story, he showed the officer where the Daisy had been scuttled. The officer was thunderstruck.

"Why, he has committed piracy!" he exclaimed gravely.

"I know it," replied Don, "and if I charge him, he will deny it."

"Has he got your package of money?"

"Yes, he has!" said Don, as they regained the deck of the Vixen. The officer thereupon explained the case to the others. Blodgett did not wince, as he was fully prepared for Don's charge.

"Will you search his cabin for my money?" asked Don of the officer.

Blodgett saw that he was cornered, but he was prepared for such an emergency, and coughed very loudly.

"Yes," said the chief official. "We must prove this case. It is too serious to pass over without a thorough investigation."

At this moment Caleb Dundy emerged from the cabin carelessly. He had heard Blodgett's cough. It was a preconcerted signal to him. Don saw the rascal, and noticed that he wore a heavy overcoat, which bulged out a good deal in the region of his bosom, and he took special pains to turn his back to the officers. He was going directly to the lee rail. Don suddenly began to suspect from Blodgett's actions that the rascal was trying to draw their attention from Caleb Dundy.

As this idea dawned upon him, he suddenly darted toward Blodgett's accomplice, who just then had reached the rail. Dundy heard him coming, and looked around. An exclamation of dismay broke from his lips. He hastily tore

open his coat, and drawing a package from beneath, he flung it over the side into the water. But not before Don saw that it was the stolen money. The officers had seen Dundy's action, too, having gazed after Don, surprised to see him run toward the other. Don understood Blodgett's game at once. He evidently wanted to get rid of the evidence of his crime of piracy, and had ordered the half-million dollars flung overboard. And the package had barely touched the water when Don vaulted upon the rail and dove overboard after it.

CHAPTER XIII.—Conclusion.

When Blodgett saw that his plan was likely to fall, he turned as pale as death, for he knew very well that the penalty of his crime would be a very serious matter in court. He dared not utter a word, however. Dundy was a quick-witted rascal, though, and when he saw Don seize the package, and swim toward the Daisy with it, he hastily made his way forward, and went below. In a few hurried words he explained to the whole lawless crew what had happened to them, and bade the men arm themselves with their revolvers, which they had taken from Don's cabin, when they scuttled the Daisy, and resist the officers.

Having impressed upon their minds that capture now meant imprisonment for all of them, they readily assented to his plan. There were five officers on deck, and only as many more men left on board the revenue tug, so they had but little fear of failure. Dundy then told the engineer to be ready to drive the Vixen away at the top of her speed, and bade another man attend to the wheel. Then they went on deck in a body. Don by that time had succeeded in getting on board the Daisy by the aid of Silas, who had gone to his assistance. The boy locked the money in his cabin, and when he emerged he saw Blodgett's men hurrying aft of the Vixen, armed to the teeth.

"Look out! They are attacking you!" he shouted to the officers.

The inspectors had not armed themselves, unfortunately, as they did not expect to encounter such a desperate resistance. Before they could make a move, the Vixen's crew surrounded them.

"You had best return to your tug," said Blodgett, when he saw the turn matters had taken in his favor.

"What!" cried the chief inspector, passionately. "Do you dare to—"

"We dare anything!" coolly replied Blodgett.

"But, sir, this piece of business is—"

"Shut up!" interrupted Blodgett. "Return to your vethel, and go into your cabin—or stay! March into my cabin."

"Never!" cried the inspector, angrily.

"You had better. If you don't I'll order an attack."

"Do you mean to make prisoners of us, sir?"

"Thertainly. Now, go. I won't thtand any fooling."

"You will pay dearly for this, you wretch."

"Will you do ath I order?"

"No, sir; I'll be hanged if I will!"

"Very well. Now, my men, aim at them."

"Great Heaven!" cried the officer, aghast. "He is in earnest!"

The men raised their weapons, covering the inspectors.

"Did you imagine I wath fooling?" demanded Blodgett.

"What shall we do?" asked one of the other inspectors in a whisper.

"Obey, of course. There is no resisting those pistols."

"Can't we get help from the others on the tug and sloop?"

"These fellows outnumber us two to one."

"Well, I won't submit."

"But we are unarmed."

"They couldn't shoot us in cold blood."

"Then let us make a dash for the tug."

"Good! We can then arm ourselves and fight them."

Blodgett was watching them curiously. The officers sprang toward the tug, and as they expected, no one fired. They had a hard fight of it with their fists, though. Blodgett beckoned to Dundy, and the man approached him, while the rest of the crew were fighting the inspectors.

"The day ith loht. We mutht fly!" muttered Blodgett.

"How? What can we do?"

"Ethcape in the boat to Staten Island; abandon the yacht."

"Hurry, then, before the row is over."

They sprang to the lee side, cut the only remaining boat free, and it dropped into the water with a splash. The two rascals sprang in, seized the oars, and rowed away. Don saw them, and just as the officers gained the deck of the tug, the boy cut the Daisy free from its lashings to the side of the tug, and ordered up the foresails.

"He shall not escape us!" he cried excitedly. "Don't you see what he has done, Silas? Deserted the Vixen while his men are fighting the inspectors! And—ah! There the officers come, armed with revolvers, to renew the fight, aided by all hands on the tug. They will make short work of those rascals now. Hark! They are firing! And there go my sails up!"

A scene of confusion ensued on the deck of the Vixen. The officers had engaged the men in a deadly combat, and did not hesitate to use their revolvers to subdue them. The pistols of both parties were now spitefully blazing, and Don saw them struggling in a confused heap on the deck of the Vixen, as the Daisy drifted apart from them. The wind caught the sails and filling away, Don sent the sloop off on a lee tack, in pursuit of Blodgett's rowboat. Not another vessel was to be seen, and daylight by this time having broken, the sun began to arise in the east, and there was plenty light to see what was going on. Blodgett saw that he was pursued, and urged his companion on to the most violent exertion to get away. They were heading for the shore, half a mile above Fort Wadsworth, and already had traversed half the distance. The Daisy swept through the brine toward them like an avalanche, but before it could reach them, Blodgett's boat got into shallow water, and Don had to bring the yacht up into the wind with

a sudden turn, to prevent her going aground, as the center-board had commenced scraping bottom. Calling Eli to him, Don gave him the tiller.

"Keep her on and off, my boy. I'm going ashore!"

"Golly!" cried the boy. "I'se sorry dat I kain't go, too."

"An' thar's a boat ready!" cried Silas, running up to them.

He and Galloway had lowered it, and the three jumped in just as Blodgett's skiff touched the shore. The two rascals ran away, and Don and the others hastily rowed to the marshy ground and followed them. They were in the midst of a tangled growth of trees, bushes and vines. Don was in advance of the others, and ran like a deer. They heard the two fugitives crashing on ahead of them, and running at the top of their speed, they presently left the undergrowth, and emerged into an open space, at the foot of a hill. The day was cold, as when they left New York it was in the warmest part of October, and it was now the middle of November. Blodgett and his accomplice found a road, winding up the hill, and pursued it as fast as they could run. When they had gone some distance they turned, paused, and aiming at the trio below, they fired at them.

Don felt the bullets whiz by his head, and heard a cry of pain. Looking back, he saw Galloway throw up his hands and fall. Silas was furious at the cowardly shot. The old sailor paused, aimed deliberately, and fired. Dundy went down like a shot, screaming with fear and pain, and Blodgett ran on. Don passed the writhing figure of Blodgett's accomplice, and a moment later he came up behind the rascal. Hauling off his fist, the boy let drive at his enemy, caught him on the back of the neck, and knocked him down. The revolver was knocked out of his hand, but before Don could touch him he bounded to his feet. Seeing he was caught, Blodgett rushed at Don; they clinched, and a violent struggle ensued for an instant, and they fell. Then the rascal grasped Don's revolver, and by the sheer strength of desperation he managed to wrench it from the boy's hand. He bent his dark, scowling face over the boy, and Don shuddered. Then he twisted himself around, and threw Blodgett over. The man uttered a snarl of fury, and aimed the pistol at Don's head. Don flung himself on one side. At the same instant Blodgett pulled the trigger. Bang went the pistol, but the bullet did not hit its mark, owing to the fortunate sudden movement of the boy. Before he could shoot at Don he received a kick that drew a groan of agony from his lips, sent the pistol flying, and rolled him down the hill with Silas after him. Don jumped up, seized the weapon, and just then Silas pounced on the desperate rascal and caught his wrists.

"Avast thar, yer lubber!" growled the old sailor, "but I got yer fast enough now, so yer won't do no more harm."

Don ran up to them just then, and pocketed his revolver.

"Hold him, Silas, and I'll tie him with my handkerchief," he exclaimed, as he reached them, and knelt down.

Blodgett struggled and kicked, but it was of

no avail now. The powerful hands of Silas were like a vise. Dragging the rascal's hands behind his back, Don tied them fast, and just then Galloway came limping towards them.

"Why, dash me now," cried Silas, "he's all right."

"Can I help you?" asked Galloway.

"No! We've got him. Now, Blodgett, get up, you beast, and march back to the boat like a good fellow, for if you don't we'll drag you there forcibly. At the first attempt you make to run away, I'll shoot you down in your tracks!"

"Confound you, you beggar, I'll get the beeth of you yet!" hissed the chagrined rascal with a black scowl at Don. He got up on his feet as he spoke.

"How is Dundy?" asked Silas of Galloway.

"Only stunned by the bullet grazing his skull."

"That's lucky. Have you tied him up, my lad?"

"Yes, I have. He is a prisoner, and has regained his senses."

They went back to Dundy, freed his ankles, and despite all the prayers, threats and offers of the two crestfallen rascals, they marched them back to the boats, embarked, and rowed out to the revenue tug. The inspectors had finally won the battle, made prisoners of the men, and the *Daisy* laid close by, hauled up in the wind. Leaving Dundy and Blodgett on the tug, Don, Silas, and Galloway embarked on the sloop, and the three boats went to the city. Don divided the recovered money on the way there, and when they reached the pier at which the *Daisy* had been moored when they were driven adrift, they furled their sails and went ashore, for the trip of the *Daisy* was over. Galloway had his wound dressed, and the revenue officers had their prisoners locked up in jail. In the trial that followed soon after a charge of piracy was proved against the men, and they were all sent to prison for long terms.

When Don had his mother's business affairs examined into, he found that although Blodgett had squandered fully half of the one hundred thousand dollars, he could regain the rest, and also possession of the house in which he always had lived. When this was accomplished finally he sold the *Vixen*, which had been purchased with money of his legacy. He never parted with the beautiful sloop, though. Donald Gray at the present time is married, and living in New York with his wife, and he has three stanch friends who will never leave him, rich as they are, for Silas, Eli, and Galloway owe all they possess to the now enormously rich young man.

Next week's issue will contain "BOB THE WAIF," A STORY OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Mrs. True Genteel—Good-morning, Mrs. Carrots. Going to New York to do a little shopping? Mrs. Gushy Carrots (whose husband has acquired sudden riches)—No. I've just returned. I bought a nice Rubens this morning, and I declare! when I called at my husband's office he told me he had bought a Rembrandt by the same artist yesterday afternoon.

CURRENT NEWS

SNAP-ON EYE SHADES FOR SPECTACLES

For workers under strong or glaring lights a small shade has been devised, says *Popular Mechanics*, which will be a boon to those who wear glasses.

The shades are made of a translucent material which has the effect of mellowing the light-glare and can be snapped on and off the spectacle-frames in an instant, thus obviating the necessity of having another pair for street wear.

The eye-strain and fatigue from working under powerful lights should be greatly lessened by this practical device.

TYPEWRITING RECORD

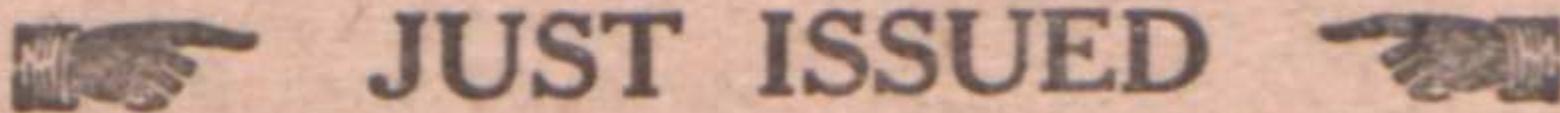
The almost incredible record for typewriting, set by Albert Tangora of Paterson, N. J., a few days ago, at the annual Business Show held at the Sixty-ninth Regiment armory, Lexington avenue and Twenty-sixth street, New York City, will remain a mark for speed demons to aim at for a long time, according to authorities at the exhibition.

Tangora pounded out 9,120 words in an hour and, after penalties were deducted, was still credited with a speed of 147 words a minute. He beat by a single word George Hossfield, four times holder of the record.

REPLACES CLOCK WITH A WEATHER INDICATOR

On the tower of the German Museum in Munich in the dial plate of what is probably the only public barometer of its kind in existence. It shows the weather conditions for the city of Munich very accurately. The figures on the dial show the height of the mercury in centimeters; 71 is the average height for Munich, so that a swing to the right indicates fair weather, to the left bad times ahead.

The hand on the tower is connected electrically to an ordinary spring barometer which is located elsewhere in the building and whose slightest movement is automatically followed by the tower hand.

 JUST ISSUED 
 A ROUSING DETECTIVE STORY in
MYSTERY MAGAZINE, No. 145
 Get a copy and read
"ON THE YELLOWS"
 By FRANK BLIGHTON

It contains a fine plot—how a man, convicted by a fingerprint, became involved in an exciting revolt in prison and finally proved that fingerprints can be forged.

Another of the great "GUTTERSIDE" series
"THE MATE OF 'THE MOOSE'"

By NEIL McCONLOGUE

This number contains Edwin A. Goewey's exciting story
"THE CURSE OF NADIR"

In addition there are three short detective stories—"THE TIGER-EYE EMERALD," by Hugh Thomason; "MAN TO MAN," by Hamilton Craigie; "PETER'S PRETTY PLAY," by Robert Russell. Also a special article showing how the cleverest crooks in the world invariably leave some clue behind that betrays them—"TRIFLING SLIPS TRIP MOST CROOKS" is the title and Allan Van Hoesen is the author. There are also a number of short, snappy articles—DO NOT MISS READING THEM!

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—OR—

AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER VII.

How Mark Got The Best Of The Russians.

"Oo is the M'sieu Doadge, an 'oo is the Ma'mselle Rentone?" asked the seedy-looking man, who was evidently a Frenchman. "You do spik the Russee, no?"

"No, we do not," answered Mark. "What is the matter? Have you found any diamond rings in the bedclothes that you want to return? What is your business?"

"Zis is ze officer police," the Frenchman replied. "He have come to arrest the M'sieu Doadge for abduct ze Ma'mselle Mees Rentone. You are ze lady?" to Miss Tryphena.

"I should feel flattered, my dear," said Miss Tryphena, "but I am not silly enough to think that I look the least bit like you."

"What do you mean, stupid?" to the Frenchman. "This young lady is of our party and under my care. Who said she was abducted?" asked Mark.

The Russian said something and then signalled to some soldiers outside and spoke to Dick in a very peremptory manner.

"Speak some sensible language that a fellow can understand!" spluttered Dick. "I can't manage German, and I don't see how you think I am going to get along with Russian, which is forty times worse. What do you want?"

"Ze gentleman is arrest for abduction the young lady," said the Frenchman, "and must to ze prison go unless—"

Just then Dick happened to look out of the window and saw Horace Ildone standing in the door of the station.

"By George! I have it!" he exclaimed. "This is another scheme of Ildone's. There he is now!"

"Where?" asked Mark and the rest, and Dick pointed to the door, but now there was no one in sight.

"Where is he?" asked Mark Topping. "I don't see anything of him. Are you dopey, Dick?"

"No, I am not, and I saw the fellow in the station doorway. Go and ask if you are not certain."

The officer was now talking very volubly to Dick, and the Frenchman added to the confusion by saying:

"Zere is ze money to pay, and zen maybe you get ze prison out, but you are arrest for abduction ze young—"

"Shut up!" cried Dick, slapping the French-

man in the face. "You are trying a game of blackmail, that is all, and I know who has put you up to it; but you won't get a cent. Now what do you want?"

The latter remark was addressed to the Russian, who took Dick sharply by the shoulder and called to the soldiers outside.

"There is trouble, Dick," said Mark. "The fellow is a police officer or something of that sort, and you have committed a great offense by slapping his face."

"I will slap this fellow's if he does not let me alone," said the angry young American, and he suited the action to the word as the Russian attempted to push him toward the door.

There was trouble, indeed, for the soldiers came in and forced Dick outside, Mark following and trying to explain, and the two ladies accompanying him to see the outcome of the affair.

There was a big, high-pressure touring car standing near the station platform, and toward this the guards hurried Dick, Mark saying to the officer who had been slapped:

"You can't carry things with as high a hand as you do with your own countrymen, Mr. Aristocrat. You are not the czar, and if you were you could not. We are American citizens, and you'll find yourself up a tree in a minute if you try to work any Russian methods on us. I am going along to see that things are done right."

The mention of the czar and the showing of his passport with its big red seal and the American eagle seemed to have a great effect upon the officer, and he bowed servilely, at the same time showing resentment to the young detective.

The Frenchman attempted to follow the party, but Mark pushed him aside and helped Tryphena and Trix into the rear seat, as the soldiers put Dick into the front.

"Get in, whiskers," said Mark to the officer as one of the soldiers cranked up the machine.

The officer signaled to the young millionaire to enter, and then followed and threw off the clutch.

Then, as the powerful car moved away at a good speed, Mark suddenly gave the officer a shove which sent him out of the car, the door being still on the jar, and caused him to roll in a most undignified manner on the ground.

His gold-laced cap fell into the car, and Mark quickly rescued it and clapped it on his own head, as they whizzed off at a record-breaking pace.

There was a big, brass-buttoned, silk-frogged, gold-laced overcoat on the back of the seat, and now Mark said to Dick:

"Take care of the machine, old man, for a minute. I've got an idea."

Dick took hold of the steering wheel and ran the car along the road near the railroad, looking back in a moment, and saying:

"They are starting up the train and coming after us."

"Well, let them," laughed Mark, as he got into the Russian's coat and then took hold of the wheel. "They can't go where we can, and I don't believe they can go as fast, and that is the advantage of a car. I believe this is an American car, but it certainly is a crackerjack. I would defy the whole Russian government, czar and all, to catch me in this."

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

ASPIRIN WILL FRESHEN CUT FLOWERS

A Paris savant says that an ordinary aspirin tablet dissolved in warm water will freshen the most delicate cut flowers in vases, while a piece of cotton soaked in a similar solution and wrapped around the stem of a flower worn in the button-hole will keep it fresh for a long period.

WORD OF HONOR ENOUGH

Traveling from Montana to Eaton, O., without escort, Robert Kiracofe, age twenty, reached Eaton, Ind., and surrendered to the County Sheriff, as he promised to do. On arraignment in the Preble County Circuit Court on a charge of grand larceny, he pleaded not guilty and went to jail in default of bond of \$300.

Kiracofe, it is alleged, took hogs from Preble County to Dayton, sold them and failed to account to the owner, his uncle, for the proceeds of the sale. Kiracofe, who is said to have been accompanied by another young man of Preble County, was arrested in a small town in Montana. Instead of going after the prisoner, the sheriff decided to "take a chance" on the young man's honor, and forwarded him sufficient money to return to Eaton.

KING CRAB QUITS JAPAN

The king crab, formerly only found in merchantable quantities near Japan, has invaded the waters of Cook Inlet, Prince William Sound, off Sitka and Bering Sea, in such numbers that four canneries in Alaska are packing the giant shell fish. About 20,000 cases is the expected output, worth \$35 a case, or \$700,000.

The king crab measures from three to five feet from tip to tip of the huge claws, or pinchers, and in weight from four to twelve pounds. The largest specimen of the king crab, of which Dean John N. Cobb of the College of Fisheries, University of Washington, has heard, was found in the nets of a Japanese fisherman, and measured 19 feet from tip to tip, weighing forty pounds.

Just why these crabs should migrate to the American shores is a mystery. Pacific Coast packing plants will turn to crab packing on a large scale.

FISH TELEPHONE THEIR WHEREABOUTS

Fish when they swim make a noise, and this can be detected by the telephone, according to the *Scientific American*, which says:

Most of us have watched with interest the movements of shoals of fish beneath the surface of the sea or of a lake, but few will have associated with those movements the idea of noise. Nevertheless, such movements do make a noise, and Norwegian fishermen, it is said, have taken advantage of that fact to devise an arrangement to assist them in detecting and locating fish at considerable depths. They lower a microphone by means of a wire from their boat into the water, the other end of the wire being connected with a telephone receiver on the boat. As the latter slowly proceeds on her course in search of

a haul, an operator keeps the receiver of the telephone to his ear and he can tell instantly when a shoal of fish is being approached.

OLDEST SKULLS YET FOUND

A new link in the scientific theory of human evolution may be forged from materials found in excavations made on Burton Mound, near Santa Barbara, Cal., by J. P. Harrington of the Smithsonian Institution. The shape and contour of skulls found indicate they belonged to an age earlier than that in which the Neanderthal man lived in Central Europe, Dr. Harrington believes. The Neanderthal man possessed a far greater expanse of forehead than the Santa Barbara primitive, he said, and comparison of the two crania indicates that the Neanderthal man was in the more advanced stages of civilization.

Proof that the Santa Barbara primitive man possessed crude tools and utensils was found in the hardpan in which the skulls were unearthed. The scientists penetrated the hardpan to a depth of 44 inches below the level; with the skeletal material was found and discovered primitive instruments resembling mortars and pestles made from stone. Rude flints of a cultural age hitherto unknown to archeologists also were found.

Further investigations will be made on the same spot by Dr. Harrington and his assistants. Another body of explorers under Dr. Harrington will go to Point Magu in Ventura County to make further investigation of the spot where the skeleton of a mastodon and other primitive fossilized remains were uncovered recently.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

NEW RADIO SLEW HIS PET MONKEYS

Friends of Captain George Rose, master of the Munson liner *Pan-American*, were disappointed when the vessel docked because of his failure to bring them monkeys for pets as promised. But no one ever doubted the veracity of Captain Rose—not even his friends—so they will be on hand when he returns from South American ports.

When, the *Pan-American* sailed from Santos Brazil, Captain Rose said, he had two monkeys tied with light ropes on the bridge. No one was assigned to watch them so they grasped the first opportunity of chewing through the leashes and in a short time were discovered on the foremast, having climbed up the signal halyards.

Efforts to bring them down were unavailing. They climbed a guy stay to the funnel and sought refuge on a small platform near the whistle. When the whistle was blown in the course of navigation the little fellows scampered out on the wireless antennae, which, according to Captain Rose, were slippery from rain. They slipped from one end of the antennae to the other—this is the skipper's story—when suddenly they were electrocuted and fell to the deck. The wireless operators were sending out messages; hence the electric current.

REDUCE ANTENNA RESISTANCE

It is estimated by engineers that the current picked up by the antenna is about three-trillionths of the energy broadcast from the transmitting station's aerial. Conservation of the feeble impulses is extremely important for long-distance reception and loud signals. Resistance in the antenna obstructs much of the performance. So weak are many of the concerts reaching the antenna that a few unnecessary ohms in the wires will make it impossible for the music to get to the receiving instruments. Too much resistance in the antenna is like an obstruction in a water-pipe—the flow is stopped or greatly reduced.

Stranded copper, stranded phosphor bronze or Litzendraht wire provides an easier path for the high frequency currents than a solid wire of copper or phosphor bronze. There is no need of a soldered joint in a single wire antenna as used by most broadcast listeners. The antenna proper can be extended to serve as the lead-in eliminating a break. A join in the wire, although it may be soldered, is likely to cause some resistance due to the difference in metals, the soldering flux between the joints and the effect produced in the wire by the application of the hot soldering iron or torch.

"SPAGHETTI"

"Spaghetti" in radio parlance is varnished tubing or insulated sleeving used to cover wires. It is made by slipping cotton sleeving over nickel-plated wire, thoroughly saturating or impregnating the sleeving with insulating varnish. The dipping and baking process is repeated eight or

ten times, until about a dozen layers of varnish is built up around the cotton tube, giving a breakdown resistance of 7,000 volts. After each coat of varnish is baked on, it is rubbed down with rottenstone and water. The insulating varnish is composed of linseed oil and gum.

There is a difference between "impregnated" and "dipped" spaghetti. Less labor is required in the production of the "dipped" variety and thus it is sold at much lower prices. "Dipped" spaghetti will withstand breakdown tests averaging 5,000 volts. "Radio tube" is another type consisting of a cambric strip rolled into a tube and heavily coated with an insulating compound. This tubing will withstand 1,000 volts and can be used efficiently to insulate the wiring of the radio receiving set.

THE SPEAKING FLAME

It begins to appear as though the carbon microphone, which has long been employed for the conversion of sound waves into electrical variations in wire telephony and radio telephony, is doomed to extinction—at least as far as the radio end of its application is concerned. For wire telephony it must continue in use, because it is simple and fairly efficient; but for the transmission of radio programs the usual carbon microphone is by no means satisfactory. We have already told of the Pallo-photo-phone transmitter used in the WGY broadcasting station of the General Electric Company, and the glow transmitter in the KDKA Westinghouse station. Now we have to report the DeForest speaking flame transmitter, which is a development of Dr. DeForest's phonofilm or talking pictures. "Take the ordinary bat-wing gas burner or a certain form of Welsbach mantel gas light, or special forms of oxy-acetylene gas flames, insert two heat-resisting electrodes therein in proper relation to the flame and to each other, connect these electrodes to an appropriate electro-motive force, and you will then have an extremely sensitive sound converter which gives an electric reproduction of the sound waves in the air enveloping the flame, which is of an entirely different order of fidelity from that ever obtained from any form of microphonic device, using a diaphragm, whether this be of the carbon, electro-magnetic, or electrostatic variety," states Dr. DeForest. "In my phonofilm work we have found in the same way that when a series of very fine and very short platinum wires are heated to a dull red from a local source of current, the resistance of these wires changes, alternately increasing and decreasing in conformity with the sound waves impinging thereon; so that from a telephone transformer connected in series with a battery and this thermo-microphone, a remarkably faithful representation of the sound waves is obtained, even though the frequency of these be as high as 3,000 per second. The sensitiveness of this device is greatly enhanced through a gentle stream of air, by fluid evaporation in the neighborhood, or by other auxiliary means. Of all the diaphragm

types of transmitters, unquestionably the electrostatic type as perfected by engineers of the Western Electric Company, comes nearest to approximate perfection. While this is extremely insensitive compared with the best carbon microphone types, there is no comparison between the fidelity of reproduction by the two means. But one listening in a telephone to the reproduction by means of the flame microphone, and then by means of the electro-static microphone, will at once exclaim that the fidelity of reproduction in the first case is of quite a different order from that obtained even from the highly perfected diaphragm of the best electro-static microphone."

REDUCTION OF AMPLIFIER NOISES

The construction and operation of the good detector and two-stop amplifier unit which will function in a satisfactory manner over a period of time, is a more or less elusive goal. Some amplifiers, when first constructed, work very well for a few weeks, and then become more and more noisy in operation, a condition which may be due to improperly soldered connections. To avoid this source of annoyance, all soldered connections should be made with a good rosin-cored solder, and never with acid, which causes corrosion later on. Even when all the best practices are strictly adhered to, a two-stage audio-frequency amplifier may be rather noisy in its operation, and nearby stations may produce unpleasant signals when both stages are in use. In order to render the amplifier more quiet in its action, resistances of about one-half megohm, in the form of grid leaks, are connected across the secondaries of the amplifying transformers.

These resistances are usually made so that they may be readily detached from the spring clips which support them, when it is desired to utilize the maximum output of the amplifier for the reception of very weak signals. In other words, these resistances introduce a certain loss which is not appreciable when the signal is strong and the improvement in quality of signals counteracts the slight loss in quantity of sound. Such a device as this resistance has been aptly termed a "losser," for the reason pointed out.

Another source of annoying noise in an amplifier results from partially open circuits in the amplifying transformers. Some types of amplifying transformers have soldered connections to the windings and the flux used in soldering the very fine wire, with which such transformers are wound, in time will corrode the wire, causing an open circuit. This process is accompanied by sounds similar to static, which is apparent even when the amplifier is disconnected from the antenna circuit. The sound gradually becomes more frequent and annoying, and eventually the set is rendered inoperative. The corrosion process is hastened when the apparatus is exposed to dampness which accounts for the failure of many transformers during the summer months. The remedy for this trouble is to employ transformers in which care is exercised to prevent corrosion and the instrument is mechanically strong as well as electrically perfect.

The "A" and "B" batteries are another source of much of the locally developed noise which is

heard in many amplifiers. When either of these units is allowed to deteriorate and is not given proper attention, momentary changes in voltage occur which, though slight, are sufficient to cause a sound in the telephone receivers. Proper charging of the "A" battery and replacement of the "B" batteries when in use for a period equal to their shelf life or when discharged, often remedies this trouble. If the noises still persist, it may be necessary to shunt each battery with a very high resistance to absorb the changes in voltage. It is desirable to resort to such a measure only when absolutely necessary, since such a device is really a "losser" and introduces a certain loss in the circuit.

Another source of trouble in amplifiers lies in the jacks used for plugging in the telephones on the various steps. The contacts in these devices sometimes become oxidized sufficiently to cause imperfect connection or contact.

TONE OF WHISTLE INDICATES SOURCE

Do you sometimes hear a whistling noise while listening to a local concert? If you always hear it the trouble is in your own set and depending on your hook-up could be cleared up by a small fixed condenser across the point of trouble.

If it comes and goes intermittently you may be sure that some neighbor is guilty. His tubes are oscillating and his set is acting as a small transmitter. Every time he moves the rotor coils in his set through some certain position you hear the chirp or howl from the interference set up by his receiver with the carrier wave of the station to which your set is tuned.

But if it is a steady whistle the trouble is probably caused by a distant station transmitting on almost the same wave length as the local station. This is called "heterodyning" and is the same beating effect that you get by striking two notes on the piano at half tone apart. The carrier waves have frequencies of around a million vibrations per second, so that the beats come together much oftener than they can on the piano and the whistling note of the beat is very high pitched.

Since the whistle is caused by the interference of the carrier waves and not of the concert itself, the whistle will continue between selections. When the local station signs off and stops its carrier wave the whistle stops also. Then by tuning your own set a little higher or lower very carefully you should be able to bring in the more distant station that caused the trouble.

The new assignment of wave lengths was supposed to prevent this sort of interference. But the powerful stations can broadcast over such a wide range that a receiver is quite sure some time to pick up two stations on very nearly the same wave. Many of the broadcasting stations have their own listening posts now to check the way the concerts are coming over. If the listening post hears this whistling it tries at once to find what the carrier wave of the other station is. Then it reports to its own station whether to raise or lower the wave length to get further away from the ether. In this way the heterodyning is reduced and the better sets have a chance to cut it out entirely.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 21, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

WHISTLING BUOYS

A whistling buoy has traveled from the Canadian Atlantic coast to the Scilly Isles, southwest of Great Britain, and in 1911 a Canadian buoy drifted from Vancouver Island to the Australian coast. The average speed of a drifting Buoy is three miles an hour and sometimes on the edge of the Gulf Stream they have moved at seven miles.

HOW TO GET RID OF ANTS

Popular Mechanics presents a simple and effective method of trapping and permanently disposing of the ubiquitous ant. Soak a sponge in sweetened water and place it where the insects are most frequently found. They will crawl into the pores of the sponge in search of the sweetness, and when the sponge is well tenanted it may be dropped into boiling water. The process may be repeated indefinitely, as the sponge will last a long time. The lure may be used outdoors as well as in by placing the sponge near the holes in the ground.

MOVIES GRIP ALASKA

The film craze grips all Alaska. Motion picture houses in the northern territory have increased 100 per cent. in six months. Theatres are housed, temporary in shacks, lofts and on board anchored ships, in salmon canneries and the roadhouses along the trails.

The movies have supplanted in a large way the card rooms, billiard and pool halls, dancing and gaming. Among Alaskans there is a demand for the so-called society picture of ballroom splendor, exquisite costumes and elaborate settings. The typical "god-forsaken" northern pictures and the wild west Indian-bandit kind do not find favor with the Alaskans. They like those with foreign setting, news reels, comedy and scenic delineation.

To keep up the interest shown in pictures managers have large numbers of films on hand for quick change should any picture prove unfavorable. By an interchange system the whole territory uses the reels.

WHAT DID IT COST TO DISCOVER AMERICA?

The cost of the expedition which resulted in the discovery of the Western Continent has, after a careful inquiry, been estimated at last. The total cost of Columbus's epoch-making voyage has been placed at about \$7,250.

Columbus himself received not more than \$320 for his tremendous labors—a price which seems scarcely adequate. The commanders of his other two ships received about \$130 each, while the average wage of the sailors on the voyage was about \$29—a trifle lower than the current rates. With ocean travel where it is to-day one is inclined to envy the intrepid Christopher in spite of the discomforts he encountered. With his scale of prices the cost of passage must have been ridiculously low. One can imagine the posters on the walls of Barcelona—"Special Excursion Rates to San Salvador—Passage \$6.75 for the round trip—Join the Explorers and See the World."

LAUGHS

"Young man," stormed the irate father, "I'll cut you off with a dollar!" "How about letting me have it now, dad?" inquired the unlucky one.

Exasperated Magazine Editor (to talkative author)—Tell me, do you get paid by the week, or so much per thousand words?

Edith—Haven't you and Jack been engaged long enough to get married? Ethel—Too long! He hasn't got a cent left.

"Here, young man, it's against the law to spit on this floor." "Then why did you put that sign up?" "What sign?" "Fine for Spitting."

School Inspector—Now, children, if I wanted to become a joiner, what would I require that at present I haven't got? Smart Pupil—A character, sir!

Judge—You are charged with being a deserter, having left your wife. Are the facts of the case true? Prisoner—No, your Honor, I am not a deserter. Just a refugee.

A Hebrew came home and found his wife with little Ikey in her arms singing him to sleep with a lullaby like this, "By-low, baby; by-low, baby." The Jew on seeing this was all smiles and proudly said to his wife, "Dat vas right, you teach him to buy low and I'll teach him to sell high."

Young Mr. Benderbury landed home late from a whist drive. He brought a prize—a large oil lamp. He handed it proudly, if unsteadily, to his sister. "It's so like you," said his sister, and Mr. Benderbury looked pleased. Then she continued: "It's good looking and wants a lot of attention; unsteady on its legs, and when half oiled inclined to explode; flares up occasionally; out at bed-time and smokes too much."

INTERESTING ARTICLES

VACCINATING CHICKENS

County Farm Agent Brown in New Jersey has vaccinated 8,000 hens with a serum, protecting them against chickenpox, croup, canker and pneumonia. The serum, injected under the wind, did not interfere with laying.

GETS HOME JUST IN TIME TO STOP HIS OWN FUNERAL

Garrett Van Denburgh, 70, reported dead for two days, returned home just in time to interrupt plans for his funeral. The body beside which his wife and children were mourning proved to be that of Richard Gordon of Carlyle.

The men resembled each other so closely that when the body was found it was supposed to be that of the missing Van Denburgh. The latter said he had been digging potatoes on a farm eight miles from Gloversville, N. Y.

LONGEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE TO BE BUILT

The world marveled when famous old Brooklyn Bridge was built. Many scientific construction engineers said it couldn't be done and that the bridge wouldn't stand the strain. It has stood for over 40 years, and since its construction other larger and more wonderful bridges have been built, but the mind of the public still holds old Brooklyn Bridge in a place of reverence. It is one of the landmarks of New York, and every visitor, before he leaves, must see the bridge or go back to his home in Ohio or Indiana or Kentucky and admit that he has failed to see one of THE sights of New York—or of the whole country, for that matter. The position of Brooklyn Bridge in the minds of popular fancy is secure, for it was the first of its kind. But in the list of remarkable engineering feats the old bridge has long ceased to hold its position at the top. Greater bridges have been built and these greater ones have been surpassed by still greater ones.

At present the Williamsburg Bridge across the East River in New York City has the longest center span of any suspension bridge in the world, but it will soon give up its supremacy and go down into the list of also rans. Bear Mountain-Hudson River bridge which is being constructed near Peekskill, N. Y., will hold sway as the greatest—for a time. This new structure which will be opened about April, 1925, will have a center span of 1,632 feet—32 feet longer than that of the Williamsburg Bridge. Its towers will rise to a height of 360 feet, while the height of the bridge span will be 155 feet—20 feet higher than any of the bridges in New York City.

The rapid growth of the population of New York and the automobile industry have raised a crying demand for roads to cool country regions in the summer, and the problem of supplying adequate road facilities for the thousands of machines has been a difficult one. Ferries crossing the Hudson River into New Jersey have been unable to take care of the crowds and the need of a

bridge has long been felt. The location of the bridge was decided upon because of the narrowness of the river at that point and because of the natural cliffs of rock will provide ample support for the weight of the structure.

PAWNEE ROCK, FAMOUS LANDMARK

The transformation of western Kansas from a treeless plain to a land of verdure and forest has almost abolished one feature of the landscape which on the pioneer days was widely and justly famous—Pawnee Rock.

This rock, rising abruptly from the plain, was at one time a landmark, visible for miles along the old Santa Fe trail. To-day the trees that are thickly covering the surrounding plain with a forest growth obscure it until the famous rock can hardly be seen any more across country.

In the days before settlers nestled near the rock it must have been plainly visible for many miles in any direction. From its crest one can see twenty miles to the east and south along the valley of the Arkansas River.

The Rock covers approximately five acres and rises abruptly from the plains. There are no rocks of similar formation anywhere near. It is just a huge pile of reddish volcanic stone, upturned by some upheaval in the earth. Its northern and western slopes are covered with loose soil. The south and east slopes of the rock are bare and sheer in their ascent from the plain.

The rock is about a quarter of a mile north of the old Santa Fe trail on the western arc of the great bend of the Arkansas River midway between the cities of Great Bend and Larned. It is located on the map by the town of Pawnee Rock on the Barton-Pawnee county lines.

It was here that the settlers and Forty-niners, the whole vanguard of pioneers in the West, had to meet the enemy, the Pawnee Indians. From the rock they had perfect observation on every wagon train that followed the old Santa Fe trail. The bloodiest Indian battles in Kansas pioneer history, and indeed that of all the West, were fought at Pawnee Rock.

The lives of scores of pioneers were given up on this sacrificial mound that civilization might proceed westward. The land which the rock is on was given to the State by Benjamin Unruh in 1908, through the influence of the women's organizations which were behind the movement to make it a State park. The Women's Kansas Day Club started this movement on its organization in 1906. The rock was presented before both houses of the Legislature in 1909 by Mrs. J. S. Simmons of Hutchinson, then president of the Women's Kansas Day Club. Governor Stubbs accepted for the State.

The development of the park includes the construction of a stone gateway and wall, an observation tower on the top of the rock, the mounting of two pieces of artillery, the erection of a flagpole and of a memorial monument. The monument is a granite shaft rising nearly forty feet above the top of the rock.

PLUCK AND LUCK HERE AND THERE

JULLS TACK FROM GIRL'S HEAD WITH NIPPERS

When Edith Mezarts, aged 4 1-2, complained of a pain in the head recently her mother found the head of an eight-penny nail amid her locks. They hurried to the home of Dr. W. J. Sarzenza 1152 Bay street Rosebank, Staten Island. He was unwilling to pull the nail. He went with them to the Staten Island Hospital but Dr. Edward Jensen also decided an operation would be risky. They sent for a specialist, but before he got there the child cried so lustily that Dr. Jensen got a pair of nippers and pulled out the "nail." It was a short tack with an eight penny head. It probably became imbedded in the child's scalp as she played in the sand near her home at South Beach.

OWNS FIRST GREENBACK

Miss Louise H. Sands, No. 510 Decatur street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the possessor of a rare numismatic item—the first \$1 greenback ever issued by the United States Government. In the left-hand upper corner of the bill is the vignette or picture of the Hon. Salmon P. Chase, who was Secretary of the United States Treasury at the time of issue. In the right-hand upper corner is the denomination of the bill, and near to it, in red ink, the number, a figure "1." In the centre near the upper edge it bears the legend: "Act of July 11, 1862."

Across the face of the bill is printed: "The United States will pay the bearer One Dollar at the Treasury in New York."

On the lower part of the bill is inscribed: "Washington, Aug. 1, 1862. L. E. Chittenden, Registrar, F. E. Spinner, Treasurer."

In the left-hand corner is a "1," designating the value of the bill, and just above it the letter series A. On the reverse side or back it is green in color, with the figure "1" near each end, designating the value, and over the figure printed the word "one."

In the centre in a circle is printed: "This note is legal tender for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt, and is receivable in payment of all loans made to the United States."

"Greenbacks" of this character had behind them the "fiat" of the Government, and so went into circulation as pay for soldiers and supplies during the Civil War. They became much depreciated but reached par in 1878, a year or so before the resumption of specie payments by Uncle Sam. The name lent itself to a powerful political movement at several periods during the seventies, which reached a high-water mark in 1880, when Gen. John B. Weaver of Iowa, ran for President on a "greenback" platform.

Maine went "greenback" at the September election in 1880, and the alarm so caused led to a gigantic effort on the part of the Republicans, backed by sound money interests, which elected James A. Garfield.

MADE OVER FACES TO BE COMMON

Children of the future will be taken to the facial surgeon for the construction of a pleasing physiognomy, just as to-day they are taken to the dentist, according to Dr. Henry J. Schireson, facial and plastic surgeon of Chicago, who is at the Hotel Pennsylvania for a few days while he fixes up some New York faces according to the latest esthetic standards.

There is no longer any need for the business man to hide his weak chin beneath a goatee, for a professor to hide his Ben Turpin eyes behind bone glasses, or for a prize fighter to cover his cauliflower ears in a Tam o' Shanter. All that is necessary is that the uncomely one pick out a model of a face that every one and not only his mother can love, and the facial surgeon will do the rest.

It takes three minutes to straighten out cross eyes and twenty to build up a good strong chin, according to the Chicago facial expert, who is the man responsible for the new superstructure on the face of Fanny Brice. The process, he says, is very simple, and the only difficulty for the subject is in deciding between having a Grecian or a Roman nose, or how large an ear will really look the best.

Faces make a man, in the opinion of the sculptors in flesh, and they are ready to do their part in helping every man to be an Apollo and every woman a Venus.

The changes need not be permanent. If one gets tired of a rather receding chin it can be built out again, and if one is interested in sports where a prominent chin might offer a worthy target it can be made less obstuse.

The actress can choose her fact to fit her part. The young college graduate may acquire wrinkles, the aging dowager have them erased. New skin for old and a veritable fountain of youth seem to have been discovered. Let any woman bring to the facial surgeon a beautiful movie queen and the movie queen's pulchritude is conferred on the envious one.

This is all perfectly possible now, according to Dr. Schireson, and in his clinic in Chicago he is performing many operations a day along these very lines. Here in New York he has been asked by fourteen surgeons to treat some fifty-six patients. There is nothing new in the idea, he says, as it was started by the Romans, who had their surgeons build them new ears and noses when they were cut off at the whims of emperors.

Facial and plastic surgery has been studied particularly in Germany, Dr. Schireson explained, but it was during the war that it made its greatest strides and engaged the serious attention of the best surgeons in the world. Something had to be done for the men whose faces were shattered by shells, and surgery rose to the emergency. Now, in the opinion of the Chicago surgeon, plastic surgery has come to stay and no man need go through life handicapped by facial defects.

Get a Job Like These Earn \$3500 to \$10,000 a Year in the Big Pay Field of **ELECTRICITY**

20 Years Old— Makes Almost \$500 a Month

Harold Hastings of Somers, Mass., says: "The profit on my electrical business amounts to \$475 a month. My success is due entirely to your instruction. You make your men just what you say—Electrical Experts. No man will ever make a mistake enrolling for your course."

Dickerson Gets \$7,500 a Year

"I earned \$30 a week when I started with you—\$50 a week when half through your course. Now I clean up at the rate of \$7,500 a year. Thank you a thousand times for what you did for me. Electricity pays big on the farm." Herbert M. Dickerson, Warrentown, Virginia.

\$20.00 a Day for Schreck

"Use my name as a reference and depend on me as a booster. The biggest thing I ever did was answer your advertisement. I am averaging better than \$500 a month from my own business now. I used to make \$18.00 a week." A. Schreck, Phoenix, Ariz.

Pence Earns \$9,000 a Year

W. E. Pence, Chehalis, Wash. says: "Your course put me where I am today Mr. Cooke—making \$750 a month doing automobile electrical work—think of it—\$9,000 a year. Besides that I am my own boss. My wife joins me in thanking you for what you did for us."

\$30 to \$50 a Day for J. R. Morgan

"When I started on your course I was a carpenter's helper, earning around \$5.00 a day. Now I make from \$30 to \$50 a day and am busy all the time. Use this letter if you want to—I stand behind it." J. R. Morgan, Delaware, Ohio.

It's your own fault if you don't earn more. Blame yourself if you stick to your small pay job when I have made it so easy for you to earn \$3500 to \$10,000 a year as an electrical expert. Electrical Experts are badly needed. Thousands of men must be trained at once. One billion dollars a year is being spent for electrical expansion and everything is ready but the men. Will you answer the call of this big pay field? Will you get ready now for the big job I will help you get? The biggest money of your life is waiting for you.

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I will train you just like I trained the five men whose pictures you see here. Just like I have trained thousands of other men—ordinary, everyday sort of fellows—pulling them out of the depths of starvation wages into jobs that pay \$12.00 to \$30.00 a day. Electricity offers you more opportunities—bigger opportunities—than any other line and with my easily learned, spare time course, I can fit you for one of the biggest jobs in a few short months' time.

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But Now See What Kotalko Has Done!



Miss Verdie Bolt's hair was coming out by combfuls and complete loss seemed sure. She writes that she was terribly worried. Then somebody told her about Kotalko. She started using it. Her hair soon stopped from falling and from coming away on the comb and brush, and developed new, beautiful, healthy growth. The photo shows what 3 boxes of Kotalko did. There are legions of other such wonderful cases on record. Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's hair.

Genuine Kotalko contains real bear oil, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and ten other ingredients. You may buy it at a busy druggist's. Guarantee in each box. Or write for proof box with booklet, free by mail. Address: Kotalko Company, Q-370, Station L, New York.

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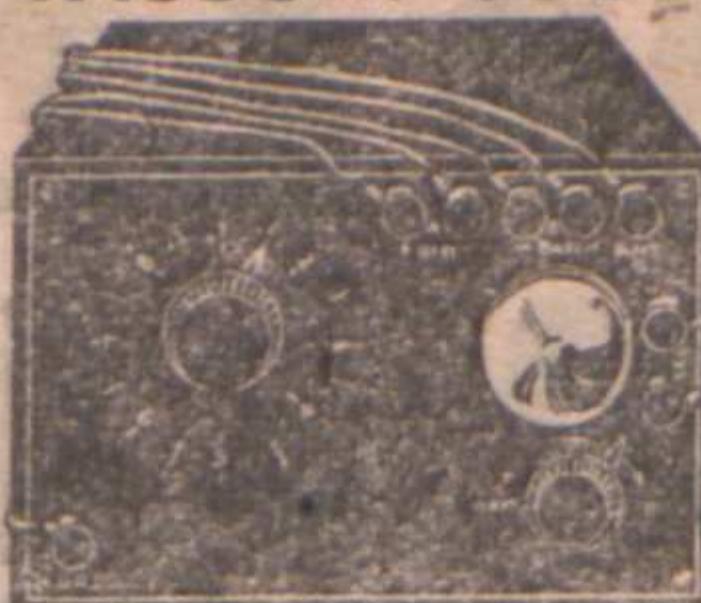
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Address

State

LOCATING WATER PIPES

In connecting underground water pipes to supply a house or place of business it is necessary, of course, to locate the street main.

The water department of one municipality uses a water pipe detector invented by an employee.

A copper wire 500 feet long carried on a reel is attached to a faucet or the plumbing in a house receiving water from the lost pipe. The other end of the wire is connected to a faucet in an adjoining house. A battery is placed in the circuit, also an induction coil with interrupter, and current then flows from one house to the other through the wire and from the second house back to the first through the pipe. This circuit is rapidly closed and opened by the action of the interrupter, and consequently the current through the water pipe is intermittent.

The explorer now puts on a head telephone which is connected to the detector carried in a box close to the ground by a strap loop. When the detector box in being carried about is brought over the pipe sought a buzzing caused by the inductive effect of the interrupted current flowing in the pipe is heard in the head telephone.

NINETY FEET OF TROUSERS

In the Balkans, where women tend goats and cattle in the mountains, it is necessary for them to wear trousers; skirts would be too cumbersome among the rocks. In Albania, however, women wear trousers in accordance with an old custom. An Albanian woman takes pride in wearing trousers as voluminous as possible, and as a result the garments do not in the least resemble the ordinary masculine attire, but appear like tremendously full, heavy skirts. The richer the woman is the more extensive are the trousers, and it is not at all uncommon to see women wearing trousers that are made of 90 feet or more of cloth. When an Albanian girl is to be married all her relatives contribute to provide her with trousers as well as with the full costume of an Albanian woman, including caps adorned with gold and pearls and with gold ornaments. The complete dress weighs more than 60 pounds. It is no wonder, therefore, that to take quick steps is impossible, and that when the women are at home they sit cross-legged.

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She says "Ma! Ma!" with a loud, distinct voice, not a little squeak. She has the sweetest face, rosy cheeks, brown hair, big blue eyes and when you lay her down she will say "Ma Ma" just like a real child. She's a darling little baby, but she wants a little girl to fondle her and make her happy. She comes to you, dressed in pretty clothes, FREE for selling only 12 packages of Perfumed Sachet at 10c each. Write at once. Send no Money. Extra Gift if you order now.

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Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald may obtain a full size box of Kotalko under money-refund guarantee at any busy druggist's. Or a proof box will be mailed free, postpaid, merely by writing to Kotalko Offices, P-370, Station L, New York, N. Y.

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